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The Literary Week.

FEW books of any importance have been published during the past week; even the novels, which include a new volume by "Zack," have dropped to half a dozen. Mr. Arthur Morrison has published another volume of his Martin Hewitt detective tales. We deal below with an attempt, which has now reached the prospectus stage, to reorganise the system of book-distribution in this country. Among the books issued during the week we note the following:—

A HISTORY OF ARABIC LITERATURE. By Clément Huart.

The eleventh volume in the "Short Histories of the Literatures of the World" series. Prof. Huart is one of the most distinguished of living Orientalists; he has investigated Arabian, Persian, Turkish and Romaine literatures in succession. The volume is divided into twelve sections, five of which deal with the 'Abbāsids. Prof. Huart brings his history down to the nineteenth century and the periodical press. The translation from the author's original has been made by Lady Mary Loyd.

THE POPISH PLOT. By John Pollock.

The sub-title reads: "A Study in the History of the Reign of Charles II." On his title page Mr. Pollock has set three quotations: one from Dryden, one from Mr. Meredith, and one from Mabillon. The volume is inscribed to the memory of Lord Acton, who wrote to the author: "There are three quite untravelling mysteries:—what was going on between Coleman and Pere la Chaise; how Oates got hold of the wrong story; and who killed Godfrey." The object of the book is to answer these questions, and to elucidate points of obscurity in connection with them. The volume is prefixed by a Table of Events occurring in the history of the Plot—a wise and helpful innovation for which Mr. Pollock should be thanked.

THE POETS OF TRANSCENDENTALISM. Edited by George Willis Cooke.

An anthology of New England transcendental verse. The Editor says: "It seemed to me that a representative

collection of the poetry influenced by transcendentalism would serve to indicate how largely that movement had affected American literature, and also to make accessible those poems that had been neglected." The selection does not claim to include only the best; it aims at being broadly representative. The names of many of the writers whose work is included are unfamiliar to us, and a good deal of the verse is poor; but the volume has distinct interest as the expression of a movement. Emerson, naturally, takes the first place. The editor has added some biographical and bibliographical notes.

THERE lies before us the prospectus of The Bookshops, Limited. It seems extraordinary that at this time of day so few good bookshops exist out of London and two or three large provincial towns. The difficulties of book-buying are always with us, and these are increased by the uninterested attitude of the ordinary bookseller; he does not make it his business to know anything about his wares. The Bookshops, Limited, proposes to start the new crusade. A few pioneer shops are to be opened under the management of men who really do know something about books; it is intended, we are told, that each shop shall be made a literary centre for its district. That would be a pleasant reversion to older methods, and we see no reason why it should not succeed. Writing to the managing director of the new company, Mr. H. G. Wells said: "My warmest good wishes for your admirably planned scheme. The troubles of book-buying are one of the chief woes in my essentially querulous life. At the present moment I am just giving up the hope of being able to buy a pleasant edition of an English version of the 'Utopia'—and there are no doubt at least three publishers in London trying to sell me what I want to buy! I can't find out about them." We have all had similar experiences, and if booksellers find this new rival taking away what trade they have it will simply be a case of the whirligig of time. We notice that amongst the seven first subscribers there are four who take only one share each. Of these one is described as a journalist, one as a widow, one as a man of letters, and the last as an author. The Bookshops, Limited, is making a modest beginning, and we wish it success.

MR. HALL CAINE's memoir of Mr. W. E. Tirebuck, prefixed to the posthumous novel, "Twixt God and Mummion," is a simple and sympathetic piece of work. Tirebuck was never really successful as a novelist, and we think that Mr. Hall Caine has too great an opinion of his friend's achievement, but in such circumstances we cannot quarrel with his frank appreciation. Tirebuck worked his way through various commercial offices and journalism to his great end of literature, and he accepted the difficulties and uncertainties of the literary life cheerfully. Mr. Hall Caine writes:—

My friend found journalism irksome after a few years, and, taking a cottage in Scotland, he set himself, without much means or great prospects, to write other novels. . . . I remember the deepening sense that came to him that, notwithstanding favourable reviews, and other and similar superficial and often delusive indications of success, he was producing no real effect upon the public. I fear he was also earning next to no money; but his needs were small in his Lowland cottage, and the devotion of his sister was absolute. On oatmeal porridge and barley bread, as his principal diet, he toiled on, early hours and late, and no more conscientious craftsman ever lived by his pen. He had much to learn, much to unlearn, and many grievous disadvantages of early education and training to overcome, but his energy never flagged, and his ambition never wavered. His hope was to write his name among the names of the English novelists, and if I am any judge of the art he has certainly done so.

That, at any rate, was the right spirit in which to work—a spirit not so common to-day that we should allow it to go unrecorded.

Of publications dealing with art and artistic decoration there appears to be no end. This week we have received the first issues of three such publications—"Art," "The Craftsman," and "The House Beautiful." The first-named opens with a well-illustrated article on Constantin Meunier which is followed by "An Introduction to the Art of Rubens." "The Craftsman" is a monthly portfolio of arts and crafts, and "The House Beautiful" contains architectural designs in colour. We observe that the latter are printed in Stuttgart. When will colour-printing be really seriously treated in England?

A CORRESPONDENT of the "New York Times Saturday Review" has been falling foul of that journal for calling Mr. W. D. Howells the greatest writer of the day. The incensed one says:—

If a test of being widely read is applied to Mr. Howells he must fall far short of the standard fixed by you; if his use of good English and his good fortune in being well advertised be taken into consideration Mr. Howells is widely known. But, as a matter of fact, very few of the masses have read any of his works except those occasionally seen in the magazines. One more often sees Mr. Howells in some position suggestive of posing, but when it comes to any real hold upon all classes, which is practically the test of a great author, Mr. Howells has not reached this position.

The writer proceeds to say that the ordinary business man in America, though he probably knows Mr. Howells' name, is not acquainted with the title of one of his books. But that, after all, does not go for much in the estimation of literary value. We suspect that the "ordinary business man" in England does not know a great deal about Mr. Meredith.

AFTER the voluminous and wearisome biographies and appreciations which appear just after an author's death, or long before it, it is pleasant to come across so modest a little volume as Mr. G. A. Payne's "Edna Lyall." Mr. Payne has the enthusiasm of a friend, and we cannot agree with many of his conclusions, but at least his book is sincere and inoffensive.

IN connection with the Emerson centenary the correspondence between Emerson and Herman Grimm should not be overlooked. This correspondence, which first appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" this year, has been published in volume form by Messrs Houghton, Mifflin, of Boston, under the editorship of Mr. F. W. Holls. Herman Grimm was the son of the younger of the brothers Grimm of the fairy tales. He studied law, then took to literature, married Gisela von Arnim, the daughter of Goethe's Bettina, and was for many years Professor of the History of Art in the University of Berlin. He resigned the chair in 1893, and it was after that that Mr. Holls met him and received permission to print these letters, the originals of which were presented by Grimm to the Goethe-Schiller archives in Weimar. The letters which passed between Emerson, Grimm, and Gisela von Arnim are printed in this interesting volume. We make a couple of characteristic extracts from Emerson's letters:—

A few friends I have here, who are well worth knowing, if you will stay long enough to let the affinities play. I have found that this personality is the daintiest ware with which we deal, and almost no ability is any guarantee of sympathy, unless fortune also aid in the lack of counterparts.

Let me say that I rejoice in the union which allows me to address this letter to you, whilst I have my friend Gisela in my thoughts. To her, also, be this sheet inscribed; and let me entreat, meantime, that she, on the other hand, will not quite believe that she writes to me by the hand of her husband, but will out of her singular goodness, use to me that frankness with which she already indulged me with autograph letters. My only confidante in this relation is my daughter Ellen, who reads Gisela's letters and yours to me, with entire devotion, and whose letter to your wife (sent through Rev. Mr. Longfellow) I hope you have long since received. Ellen has facility—and inclination to front and surmount the barriers of language and script. My little book, "Conduct of Life," I tried in vain to send you by post.

THE question of free access to the shelves of public libraries has been discussed for years. On the whole, free access does not work satisfactorily, nor do we see how it could be expected to, except in the case of the reference departments of libraries. The fact has to be faced that many users of libraries are not to be trusted. In particular instances, of course, the system works well enough, as in such libraries as that of the Patent Office. But when it comes to free access to all books we think wisdom lies with the objectors.

WE should have supposed that ingenuity in the way of cheap re-issues was exhausted, but there is always an idea left. A new series of "Standard Biographies" has just been started by Messrs. Hutchinson, which leads off with F. de Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte," in which the original ten volumes have been condensed into something over five hundred pages. There is certainly no lack of cheap reading nowadays. There has just reached us the thirty-fourth volume of the "World's Classics," where you have close on six hundred pages of Burns for a shilling.

IN an estimate of Turner which Mr. Stopford Brooke has been writing for "The Pilot," there occurs this suggestive passage:—

There are few problems more interesting than this continuity of power in men of great genius. The sword of the genius of the second rank wears out its scabbard. The sword of the imperial genius vitalises the scabbard to the end. But the problem, in the case of Turner, is still more interesting. These Venetians [Tintoret and Titian and Bellini] were men of fine education, noble manners, personal charm, and dignity. They moved in a cultivated and varied society, full of impulse and beauty. Turner had

no personal charm or dignity, little education, rough manners, and common-place habits. His eyes alone betrayed the inward fire; yet, within this rude husk, there lived a soul which hungered and thirsted for beauty as a saint for righteousness; and such power to grasp and express it in his special form of art as no man of his time in England possessed in any of the arts. The splendour, loveliness, sublimity, and vastness of Nature, her creative energy, lived within him, and lived at ease. And his hand told the world all that she revealed to him. There is nothing more interesting than that in psychology, nor more pathetic in reality.

The pathos of the reality, we think, was mainly objective. Turner lived for art, and that supreme mistress never failed him. In such a case it is not our business to pity. When Mr. Brooke says: "The sword of the imperial genius vitalizes the scabbard to the end," we should like to agree with him, but cannot. In the case of Wordsworth, for instance, the sword seems to have worn out the scabbard.

NOVELISTS continue to look towards the stage as a kind of possible El Dorado. Next week there is to be produced at Worthing a play called "The Scarlet Flower," by Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. Mr. Pryce has written several excellent novels, and the sketches which appear occasionally in a contemporary over his initials always have humour and snap.

Mr. W. B. YEATS dedicates his play, "Where there is Nothing," to Lady Gregory. Mr. Yeats says: "When I was a boy I used to wander about at Rosses Point and Ballisodare listening to old songs and stories." He wrote down what he heard, and then went to London to make a living. But he began to forget "the true countenance of country life":—

The old tales were still alive for me indeed, but with a new, strange, half unreal life, as if in a wizard's glass, until at last, when I had finished "The Secret Rose" and was half-way through "The Wind Among the Reeds," a wise woman in her trance told me that my inspiration was from the moon, and that I should always live close to water, for my work was getting too full of those little jewelled thoughts that come from the sun and have no nation.

We envy Mr. Yeats his "wise woman in her trance."

THERE is a sketch in the current number of "Chambers's Journal," called "How Mary McGillivray's Cow ate the Piper." "This is the story," we read, "as it is told round the peat fires of Strathnairn and Stratherrick, and as it was told to me." The same story was told by Carleton in his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry": there are a few slight differences, but the incidents are essentially the same. It would be interesting to know whether Carleton transferred the scene to Ireland or whether he heard it there as a native growth.

MR. LAIDLAW PURVES has, in the "Athenæum," been trying to prove that "Robinson Crusoe" was not written by Defoe, but by Lord Oxford. There will soon come a time when writers will have to save posterity from these fruitless enquiries by depositing their MSS., duly attested, in some public repository.

To the slim volume called "German Ambitions as they affect Britain and the United States," Mr. St. Loe Strachey contributes an introduction in which he says:—

It is with great pleasure that I respond to the invitation of "Vigilans sed Equus" to write a few words of introduction to his Letters, originally published in the "Spectator."

I am proud that those Letters should have appeared first in my paper, and I feel it no small honour to be associated with them on the occasion of their publication in book form.

THE June "Cornhill" opens with a poem called "The Fir Planters," by Mr. Thomas Hardy. The verses are characteristic of Mr. Hardy's later work—they have the note of weariness and dejection. A "sad-faced woman holds the tree upright, and meditates," while the man fills in the earth. We quote the concluding stanzas:—

It will sigh in the morning,
Will sigh at noon,
At the winter's warning,
In wafts of June;
Grieving that never
Kind Fate decreed
It could not ever
Remain a seed,
And shun the welter
Of things without,
Unneeding shelter
From storm and drought.

Thus, all unknowing
For whom or what
We set it growing
In this bleak spot,
It still will grieve here
Throughout its time,
Unable to leave here
Or change its clime;
Or tell the story
Of us to-day
When, halt and hoary,
We've passed away.

MAX O'RELL's genial personality will be missed, and particularly on the lecture platform. His books were popular, but though they were often amusing enough one soon grew tired of their superficial observation and scrappiness. His lectures were largely extracts from his books, but in that form the matter did not appear so thin, and Max O'Rell always had a persuasive manner. He saw a good deal of various phases of life before settling down to literature. He served in the war of 1870, was captured at Sedan, and later was severely wounded in the second siege of Paris. Then he came to England as a newspaper correspondent, and afterwards was appointed French master at St. Paul's School. The success of his first book, "John Bull et son Ile," turned him from teaching to letters, and he continued to write and lecture till the end. Max O'Rell was an excellent story-teller, and did not in the least mind the point going against himself.

MR. LANG in "Longman's" writes: "I myself would offer a copy of this magazine to the gentleman or lady who first detects the incomparable 'howler' in the first page of the account of Sir Walter Scott in the Dictionary of National Biography. Oh, Sir Leslie Stephen! We do all err, but this error is 'an imperial crowner.' Yet perhaps only a Borderer (among persons not professional historians or genealogists) would have found it out." Does not that give the clue?

THE Stage Society will give their last production of this, their fourth season, at the Imperial Theatre on Sunday, June 7th, and Monday afternoon, June 8th. The programme will consist of "The Golden Rose," by Ian Robertson; "The Waters of Bitterness," by S. M. Fox; and "The Admirable Bashville; or, Constancy Unrewarded," by George Bernard Shaw.

THE volume of "Stevensoniana," edited by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, is to be issued uniform with Mr. Colvin's "Letters of R. L. Stevenson," and in outward format it is to be like the "Edinburgh Stevenson." In this form only one thousand copies will be issued for England and America. We do not much like this digging out of work which the writer was content to leave buried; still less do we like the idea, which seems to be the base of this volume, of gathering together references to Stevenson by writers who may or may not have been good critics. If this kind of book is to be encouraged we see no end to such superfluous compilations.

NEXT week M. Rostand is to be received into the bosom of the Académie Française. M. Rostand has recently returned from Cambo to Paris in order to prepare his speech; we suppose that only in the air of Paris could the right tone be acquired. Literary Paris is wondering what M. Rostand is going to talk about. Literary Paris, indeed, has an idea that M. Rostand is as likely to say something silly as to embark upon poetical rhetoric. The Paris correspondent of the "Pall Mall Gazette" reports that a celebrated dramatic author said to him: "Rostand on an important occasion either proves himself to be a genius or loses his head; and when anything not particularly long is required from him he generally does the latter." But as this occasion seems to be important, and as length seems to be demanded, we look to M. Rostand to prove his genius.

THE romance of publishing is not yet dead. Some weeks ago a well-known London publisher received the manuscript of a novel carefully packed in a red cloth case. There was no name on the manuscript and no name on the case. The book was read, and turned out to be, in the opinion of the publisher's reader, a fine seventeenth century historical romance. Now the publisher is anxious to find the writer of the story and the owner of the red cloth case.

Bibliographical.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S promised book on "R. H. Hutton: Critic and Theologian" cannot fail to be interesting, for Dr. Nicoll is master of the subject. It is, however, only fair to recall the fact that very tolerable justice to Hutton was rendered in the little anonymous volume called "Richard Holt Hutton of 'The Spectator'" which appeared in 1899. Therein, in deference to Hutton's expressed wish that no biography of him should be written, the personal details given were only such as Hutton had himself made public on various occasions. In the Supplement to the "Dictionary of National Biography" much less reticence, very properly, was shown, and the memoir enshrined therein is, one may say, quite sufficient for the purpose. More than with most literary men, Hutton's permanent life lies in his books. To these add the monograph of 1899, the "Dictionary" article (1901), and the tributes by Mr. William Watson and Miss Julia Wedgwood; and you have pretty much all that you need know about R. H. Hutton.

There are at least two announced reprints which can be welcomed heartily in advance. One is of Sir Henry Wotton's "Elements of Architecture collected from the best authors and examples," which, first printed in 1624, seems not to have printed again until it was included in the Somers "Collection of Scarce and Useful Tracts" (1809 edition?). It is of course virtually inaccessible. Wholly inaccessible, one may say, is the other work to which I refer—John Parkinson's "Paradise in Sole, Paradisus Terrestris," or a "Garden of all sorts of pleasant

flowers which our English ayre will permit to be nursed up," printed first in 1629 and again in 1656, but not since then, apparently. This, of course, is one of the classics of gardening, as is also that other work from the same master hand—"Theatrum Botanicum: the Theatre of Plants" (1640)—which may perhaps be reprinted also. It was after John Parkinson, it will be remembered, that Mrs. Ewing named her Parkinson Society, now non-existent.

With reference to one of my paragraphs last week, Colonel W. F. Prideaux reminds me that Mr. A. W. Pollard entered the literary field before 1890—namely, in 1888, when he published an edition of Sidney's "Astrophel and Stella," reproduced from the folio of 1598. I ought to say that I did not profess to give a complete list of Mr. Pollard's publications, which include several besides those I mentioned—notably his editions of Herrick and Chaucer. In the same way I did not mention Mr. A. F. Pollard's collection of "Political Pamphlets" (1897). It has been suggested to me, by the way, that the confusion between the Messrs. Pollard would probably be avoided altogether if Mr. A. F. P. would print on his title-pages his first Christian name—"Albert." Mr. A. W. P., I think, invariably uses his first Christian name, which is "Alfred."

Mr. Albert Pollard will soon have an opportunity of adopting this suggestion, for announcement is made that he is to contribute to the "Heroes of the Reformation" series a volume on Cranmer. The great archbishop has had, of course, many biographers already—Strype, Sargant, Le Bas, Todd, and Dean Hook being the standard ones. Of late years we have had a book on Cranmer's "Life, Times, and Writings" by Mr. C. H. Collette (1887); more recently, two handy monographs—one by A. J. Mason in the "Leaders of Religion" series (1898) and the other by A. D. Innes in the "World's Epoch Makers" (1900).

The book on Charles James Fox which Mr. J. L. Hammond is to give us is to be a political study, not a biography. We are all still hoping that Sir George Trevelyan will yet see his way to produce the much-to-be-desired sequel to his "Early History" of Fox, of which a cheap edition appeared so recently as 1899. At present the only concise, yet comprehensive, memoir of Fox now available is that by Mr. H. O. Wakeman, which saw the light in 1890.

The late Rev. Hugh Macmillan had so many admiring readers that a list of his successive publications may not be without utility at this moment. The following are at least the most important:—"Footnotes from the Page of Nature" (1861 and 1874), "Bible Teaching in Nature" (1867), "The Ministry of Nature" (1871), "The Sabbath of the Fields," sequel to "Bible Teachings" (1876), "The Marriage in Cana of Galilee" (1882), "The Riviera" (1885, 1892, and 1902), "The Olive Leaf" (1886), "The Gate Beautiful" (1891), "My Comfort in Sorrow" (1891), "The Mystery of Grace" (1893), "The Daisies of Nazareth" (1894 and 1901), "The Clock of Nature" (1896), "Lessons from Life" (1897), "The Spring of the Day" (1898), "Gleanings in Holy Fields" (1899), "The Corn of Heaven" (1901), "The Christmas Rose and other Thoughts in Verse" (1901), and "The Poetry of Plants" (1902).

The old controversy about the authorship of the lines on "The Letter H" has cropped up in Mr. O'Connor's literary weekly, where it is dealt with sensibly. I doubt, however, whether the stanzas on the letter I, quoted by the writer, can be ascribed to Miss Fanshawe. They were, no doubt, suggested by her "riddle." It may be remembered that Miss Fanshawe did write quite a long and sprightly "poem" on the letter K, addressed to Earl Harcourt, who desired to substitute K for C in the word Catherine. I wonder, by the way, if the lady's "Literary Remains," published in 1876, are still "in print."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Poet in the Forest.

HAMPSHIRE DAYS. By W. H. Hudson. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

A NEW book by Mr. Hudson is an event. Other men may as closely observe birds and beasts in their haunts, and record as faithfully the result of their observations; but none other brings so interesting a personality into the page or commands such harmonious and fortunate prose. Every line of this writer is his own, saturated with his peculiar melancholy, his sweet, grave humour, his sense of fatality, or, at least, of destiny. No one now writing accepts so uncomplainingly the facts of life; no one so simply and naturally recognises the laws of flux and reflux, growth, decay, and growth again. Mr. Hudson has an outlook upon life, part sadness, part joy, and wholly understanding, which we can describe only as Shakespearean. He sees it steadily and whole, while his eyes light now and then with a pitying irony.

This new book of his might indeed be called a monument of ironical aloofness: a rebuke; or at least a whispered intimation to most of us that the lords of creation are by no means also the most interesting fauna. It is pleasant to think that while affairs have been pushed with such energy during the past three years: while Boer and Briton struggled, while the Coronation passed through its rigours, while the Education clauses were being wrangled over, and bye-elections contested; while composers were striving and engineers panting; so fine an intellect as Mr. Hudson's has been occupied in loitering in the New Forest watching spiders at play, cuckoos evicting their foster-brothers, hornets sipping the ivy blossoms, and adders at bask in the sun.

Mr. Hudson has not, of course, been alone in these detached pursuits; other naturalists have been similarly employed. But other naturalists are not Mr. Hudson, have not his power of visualising all things at once—the ant and the man—or his sensitive, wistful temperament and gift of style. In a word, other naturalists have not written "The Purple Land" and "El Ombu." The result is that where their books might be just the records of their scientific observations, Mr. Hudson's is a delicate, sombre, and suggestive monologue on life, filled with the tenderest appreciation of the beauty of all wild things, and imparting many rare secrets.

Bit by bit Mr. Hudson is revealing to us our own country. It was he who first taught the Londoner that the great City's birds repay study. It was he who wrote the best book on Sussex that has yet been published, and he now yields up in this serene volume some of Hampshire's treasure. It is a charming task for England's returned truants—to bring to her loveliness eyes trained in foreign lands and eloquence matured in exile. Mr. Hudson has spent the greater part of his life in South America: settling down again in the Island he now shows us how to see. We, who have had these scenes always within reach, miss so much that he, a stranger, detects—just as a husband is often the last to perceive that his wife looks particularly handsome. Familiarity dulls the perception: one takes things for granted. A passage wherein Mr. Hudson refers to his South American home may be quoted as an example of his intensely personal manner—a style that is often almost electrically charged with himself. He has been watching some spiders at their curious antics, and, as he watched, a gipsy boy joined him:—

But when I looked back, and when, regaining the road, I went on my way, and indeed for long hours after, I saw the boy vaguely, almost like a boy of mist, and was hardly able to recall his features, so faintly had he impressed me; while the spider on her flower, the small male that wooed and won her

many times yet never ventured to take her, were stamped so vividly on my brain that even if I had wished it I could not have got rid of that persistent image. It made me miserable to think that I had left, thousands of miles away, a world of spiders exceeding in size, variety of shape, and beauty and richness of colouring, those I found here—surpassing them, too, in the marvellousness of their habits and that ferocity of disposition which is without a parallel in nature. I wished I could drop this burden of years so as to go back to them, to spend half a lifetime in finding out some of their fascinating secrets. Finally, I envied those who in future years will grow up in that green continent, with this passage in their hearts, and have the happiness which I had missed.

The book abounds in passages of great beauty; but we find ourselves turning more often to those in which Mr. Hudson tells something directly of himself than where he is more objectively descriptive. Who else is there now writing that could or would so express himself on a Hampshire heath?—

This miserable sensation soon passed away, and, with quieted heart, I began to grow more and more attracted by the thought of resting on so blessed a spot. To have always about me that wildness which I best loved—the rude incult heath, the beautiful desolation; to have harsh furze and ling and bramble and bracken to grow on me, and only wild creatures for visitors and company. The little stonechat, the tinkling meadow pipit, the excited white-throat to sing to me in summer; the deep-burrowing rabbit to bring down his warmth and familiar smell among my bones; the heat-loving adder, rich in colour, to find when summer is gone a dry safe shelter and hibernaculum in my empty skull.

Another man, did he write in that way, might not be believed; but it is a characteristic of Mr. Hudson, as of Jefferies, that one must accept his every word of himself without question. If poetry truly be emotion recollected in tranquillity this volume is fine poetry. Jefferies's exultation or almost intoxication under the influence of the visible world's loveliness is not here: rather a quiet pride to be a part of so immensely interesting a cosmos, shot through with regret at the thought that man, with all his advantages, is still in so many ways lower than his "earth-born companions" (as Burns calls them), and is still so lacking in imagination as to destroy them in wantonness.

But there are no other writers with whom to liken Mr. Hudson, except fitfully. Wordsworth he recalls in reverence, but he has more of iron mingled with his love. Thoreau he resembles in his independence, his aloofness; Jefferies in his passionate wish to understand Nature, to be nearer her heart. Gilbert White was of a simpler day; Mr. Hudson is peculiarly modern. If there is any writer at this moment whom Mr. Hudson suggests to us it is Mr. Hardy, in certain of the descriptive interludes in his novels—particularly perhaps in "The Woodlanders," and also his poems. They are far from being alike in all points, but both men look upon Nature, not as a separate collection of phenomena for study on fine days, but as impregnating, enveloping, and influencing all. Both are equally in love with the green earth and yet equally prepared to be merged in it. Both smile sadly.

A Spiritual Genius.

THE LIFE OF FATHER DOLLING. By Charles E. Osborn. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

IN an age of theory and ever-varying experimental philanthropy, nothing is more valuable than the biography of such a man as Father Dolling. Here was neither theorist nor man of letters—for he was professedly "an ignoramus" in book-learning—but a spiritual genius, an intensely human saint, who knew God's secret and lived it. It is not as the exponent of certain dogmas, nor as the leader of any particular cause, that we are interested

in this man, but because of his strong vital personality, and his far-reaching influence upon men and women of widely different type and class.

Few could be better equipped to tell the tale of Father Dolling's life than Mr. Osborne, who for seven years lived and worked with him at Landport, and for twenty years loved him as a friend: and he has told us the story fittingly, with an understanding sympathy that only one who "felt his purpose and rejoiced in his joy" could do. Some might reasonably wish that the details of all the petty misunderstandings and hindrances put in his way, by men of less spiritual insight, had been omitted from the book, but the life would have been less true and less instructive; and we pass hastily over these pages—to those which tell of Father's Dolling's own attitude towards these constant persecutions—with the relief of one who breathes again the clear air after the atmosphere of a close room. It is to the credit of the biographer that this healthful, bracing atmosphere, which was a characteristic part of Dolling's personality, is felt throughout the book. Mr. Osborne writes:—

To be near him was to feel alive, to be again buoyant, young in heart. Dullness, conventionality, hardness of mind and of feeling could not exist within the range of his potent influence: he was as a "breeze from places strong for life."

Robert Dolling's name is most often associated with his power of organisation—by which in a few months he would convert a neglected and squalid district into a centre of spiritual and educational effort, and by the contagion of his own enthusiasm succeed in raising the necessary money to carry on the work. The testimony of one of the most successful business men of the day was that Dolling was among the very best men of business he had ever met. But his peculiar power was more than this. He attracted and inspired men of all classes, more especially those outside the ordinary religious influence. To be an outcast of any kind was a title to his regard. His own home was the headquarters of his work, first at the Parsonage at Landport, later at the Clergy-house at Poplar. Never were houses more elastic, nor inmates more heterogeneous. Professional men and ladies of fashion sat at the same table with the "human odds and ends," the poor, the unfortunate, and the hopeless failures of society; and to all he gave discriminating help and loving sympathy. Whether as preacher or missionary, Father Dolling was above all things human, natural to the verge of eccentricity. He always spoke and wrote in the simplest words he could find, and his smiles and stories were alternately humorous and pathetic, as the smiles and tears on a child's face. A friend wrote of him:—

I suppose one can hardly conceive of a person who could with greater ease, and less jar, turn from jocularity to gravity, and who could at one moment be holding you in helpless laughter, and at the next be touching straight home to your conscience. I suppose it was because the secular and religious were not nearly such distinct spheres as with most people.

Of this characteristic Mr. Osborne says: "To have known him was to have known the essential harmony of his character. This double aspect of his, made on the one hand human-hearted people religious, and religiously-minded people human."

There was no trace of cant, nor stereotyped formula in his teaching, and perhaps this and his unfailing sense of humour made him specially beloved by the Winchester boys and all his young friends. He grew old with the heart of a child.

Father Dolling's methods of work were by no means always shared by his friends and helpers, and his frequent attacks upon the laxity of clergy and laity made him an enemy to the hidebound formalist of whatever school. He was always loyal at heart to the Church of England,

and tenaciously adhered to those catholic practices which he felt to have most effect upon the minds and lives of the people; and in justification of their use he appealed always to their value to the soul, and never to their historical age or accuracy. It was his character more than his dogma that won him so many and such varied friends—a character in which nature was not curbed, but developed by the freedom of divine service. Soldier, schoolboy, and artisan, each found in him his particular English ideal—a fearless love of truth, a hatred of meanness and cowardice, and a scorn of cant and hypocrisy. At one of his West End meetings, when, as usual, he was pleading for funds to carry on his work, he prefaced his demand with: "I do not wish to mislead you; I should like you all to know that I am High Church."

Robert Dolling lived the religious life in the racket of the world. His presence brought comfort and joy; and where he went dark places were illuminated by his spiritual genius.

Neurotic.

THE JOURNAL OF ARTHUR STIRLING. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THERE is an air of mystery about the production of this book which we do not particularly like. Why has the editor, who claims to have been Stirling's most intimate friend, not signed his introduction? If the Journal be an actual record of fact the less mystification there is about it the better; if it is not a record of fact we regard the whole thing as without justification. But we must accept it as genuine, and treat it with what seriousness it deserves.

Arthur Stirling, then, was a youth who believed himself to be a great poet. We read in the introduction: "He was the author of one book, a tragedy in blank verse, called 'The Captive'; that drama forms the chief theme of this journal. For the rest, it seems to me enough to quote this notice, which appeared in the 'New York Times' for June 9, 1902:—

'STIRLING. By suicide in the Hudson River, poet and man of genius, in the 22nd year of his age, only son of Richard T. and Grace Stirling, deceased, of Chicago.'

The Journal describes how the tragedy of "The Captive" was written, how it was refused by publisher after publisher, and how finally its author committed suicide. The editor says: "Extraordinary pages they are to me. That a man who was about to take his life should have written them is one of the strangest cases of artistic absorption I know of in literature. But Arthur Stirling was a man lost in his art just so—so full of it, so drunk with it, that nothing in life had other meaning to him. . . . So he lived, and so he worked; the world had no use for his work, and so he died."

Let us now proceed to the Journal itself. We have read it with some interest, a little pity, and much disgust. It is a book of ravings, of neuroticism, of colossal egoism. We do not find in it the firm striving of the artist—we have no proof that Stirling was an artist at all. What we have is a series of hysterical outpourings which make us ashamed for the writer as we read. "The Captive" may be a great poem—it will no doubt be published in due course—but we do not gather from the Journal very much hope for it. Stirling had no idea how to treat the world; it does not appear, however, that the world treated him badly. When he wanted employment he got it; it is not obvious, however, that he need have found it as a plate-washer and a car conductor. His plan was to work till he had saved a few dollars and then to wait for inspiration or the replies of publishers. The publishers, on the whole, treated him extremely well. Two or three, at any rate, gave him encouragement, which, seeing how he badgered them, is all to the credit of the publishers. The man who is convinced that he is a heaven-sent genius very seldom is

one; there was no doubt at all in the mind of Arthur Stirling. We must illustrate by extracts the extraordinary perversity, hysteria, and wrong-headedness of the Journal:—

I have not one beautiful memory in my life. I have nothing in my life that, when I think of it, does not make me writhe.

. . . Fighting—fighting—all the time fighting! Sometimes I run—sometimes I don't know what to do. Last night I know that it grew dark, and that I was lying flat on the dead leaves, striking my hands, that were numb with excitement. I was too weak to move—but I remember panting out, "There is nothing like that in 'King Lear!'"

Will you imagine me to-day, kneeling by the bedside, shuddering; my face hidden, the tears streaming down my cheeks—and I cry aloud: "I will—oh, I will!"

I cannot tell any more.

To-day I had a spiritual experience—a revelation; to-day, in a flash of insight, I understood an age—whole centuries of time, whole nations of men.

We need quote no more to indicate the manner and outlook, if it may be called an outlook, of this Journal. The whole thing is a persistent railing against fate, a perpetual exaltation of the ego. We have every sympathy with genius struggling against adversity—but we like to see the struggle honestly maintained, we look for some manliness, some real grip of the heart of life. We look in vain for manliness and real grip in these pages. Many readers, no doubt, will take a different point of view; they will see one man against the world, and the man going under. But our experience of the world does not lead us to wholesale condemnations, and we cannot see that this Journal condemns the world with justice. It is time, indeed, to make a protest against such publications; they minister to the vanity and useless declamations of ill-balanced youth, while they contribute nothing to the quiet sanity which is at the back of the truest and most vital art. This is a volume rather for the student of pathology than the general reader, and even if "The Captive" be a fine poem we should hold to our opinion concerning its author's Journal. Our impression is, though we cannot support it by proof, that the story of the suicide is a mere advertising device, and that the Journal was written by some ingenious man of letters.

The Genesis of Authorship.

SCIENCE OF LITERATURE: ON THE LITERARY THEORIES OF TAINÉ AND HERBERT SPENCER. Two Lectures by A. T. W. Borsdorf. (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

AN author, of course, is not an isolated and unrelated phenomenon. He is, like Tennyson's Ulysses, a part of all that he has met. But to assert this platitude is not to explain the genesis of authorship, nor to predicate a Shakespeare or a Burns from their respective environments. Prof. Borsdorf has set himself, in these lectures, the easy task of criticising, in the destructive sense, the two outstanding theories that have been advanced as the basis for a science of literature: but he may be accompanied to some purpose.

Many are the methods of literary critics. Some judge literature by an ideal standard of perfection; others make a complete study of the psychology of an author; others compare and contrast authors of different races and ages; others, first of whom was Taine, regard literary products as manifestations of national genius:—

What are the relations, first, between the work and its author; and, secondly, between the author and his surroundings? Can we from a given work draw conclusions with regard to its author, and thence to his race, age, and general surroundings, or, from a consideration of these general causes, arrive at a complete determination of an author's genius, and, too, at a complete understanding of his work?

Taine set out to answer this socio-psychological question on the principle (derived from Comte) of mutual dependence—or correlation, as a biologist would say. According to this, all parts of civilisation mutually affect one another in their changes. And Taine asserted that it was possible to reconstruct the author from his work—to perceive through it every characteristic, every trait of the mind that produced it. Applying this assertion to the differing cases of the "realist" and the idealist, Prof. Borsdorf shows its extremely limited truth. As to the so-called "realist," we may agree with him in admitting Taine's thesis; has not Stevenson flatly told us of the realist "laying on the indecency with the ungrudging hand of love"? In such work, at any rate, the author's psychology is naked and unashamed. But in the case of the others the slightest consideration is enough to show that Taine's claim cannot be admitted.

Nor does the great Frenchman's theory hold more firmly in its more important clause, which would find in the author an answer to a nice mathematical problem, whereof the factors are the society, the century, the climate, and so forth, in which he moved. Deny the influence of the *milieu* and the *habitat* we cannot; but precisely to estimate it is yet beyond our powers. In Prof. Borsdorf's excellent words:—

Taine has failed to create a science of literature in the naturalistic sense of the word "science," because the auxiliary sciences, psychology and ethology especially, were not advanced enough to allow of the real foundation of such a new science.

To Taine at least we owe it that the first attempt, perhaps, since Aristotle was made, and that the problems yet awaiting solution were well and clearly formulated.

Mr. Spencer has attacked a question which Taine never touched: that of the development of literature. He applies to it the law of evolution, and it is the most obvious criticism, though necessary, as we admit, to urge, as Prof. Borsdorf does, that, in the psychic sphere with so many unknown and incomputable factors at work, no precision of results can be expected. Literature, Mr. Spencer has taught us, like art and language and science, is "an objective register of subjective changes"; and this register is subject to the law of evolution. Prof. Borsdorf's treatment of Mr. Spencer's position, though, as we conceive, unsound, is most luminous and interesting. We earnestly commend it to everyone interested in a fascinating problem, but we would warn the reader that the digression concerning the law of evolution in biology must be read with all reserve. The value of the subsequent part of the paper is almost annulled by the wholly inaccurate statement—gathered from what vain source we cannot conceive—of the accepted biological belief. These few pages we regret, as needless and strangely misrepresentative of the facts; and the remainder of the argument, whilst extremely interesting in certain details of comment upon Mr. Spencer's theory, does not appear to us in any valid manner to assail the necessary belief that, as elsewhere, the principle of evolution, however obscure be our tracing of it, must prevail, and that most fortunately, in the domain of literature.

A Distinguished Limitation.

DRAMATIC SONNETS, POEMS, AND BALLADS: SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON. With an Introduction by William Sharp. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., London. 1s.)

MR. LEE-HAMILTON has a certain eclectic reputation among cultivated lovers of poetry, though to the great indifferent public, ruffled into attention only by the loudest winds of rumour, he is unknown. Nor, though we welcome this selection from his work, made (we are told) by the author

himself, can we complain that his fate is undeserved. For his is a singularly limited, quiet, and slow-ripening gift. Practically, it is confined to the sonnet. We would not say that the lyrics in various kinds, which compose a small final proportion of this little volume, are without their merit. But it is an artistic merit, lacking spontaneity or any marked original quality. The longer and more ambitious lyrics, such as those in the ode form, or tending that way, are apt to have a very plain Swinburnian stamp as regards style. One comes back to the sonnet as the form in which alone—or so chiefly as alone to be worth considering—Mr. Lee-Hamilton attains his measure of personal power, puts forth what is recognisably an individuality. And these sonnets predominate in and dominate the book with an exclusiveness quite unusual. This engrossment with a single form is very peculiar among English poets of our day; and that a form which, despite the modern favour, remains something of an exotic in English verse. Yet in this self-imposed limitation Mr. Lee-Hamilton is manifestly justified. The sonnet fits his studious and artful gift. It needed not Mr. Sharp to tell us what his poems tell, that (like Mrs. Browning) he is a lifelong invalid. Unlike her, his suffering has depressed his vitality. There is a lack of central ardour which handicaps his poetry in sheer motive-power, so that the shorter the demand on his energy the more like he is to sustain it. Even the brief burthen of the sonnet he does not attain to uplift all at once. His strength slowly and by practice grows equal to it—that is noticeable in this volume. From the outset there is delicacy of art, there is refinement of feeling and of reflection, there is pictorial—almost too painter-like—perception. But the emotion is a little thin, the emotional thought (and the poet must “think in his heart,” or his poetry is made desolate) not deep and red enough. In these early sonnets the imagery, while it shows the poetic mind, is often somewhat trivial, ingenious, artificial, touched with the associations of a petty modernity. The ball-room and the band (for instance) yield imagery to one sonnet; and an extreme case perhaps best examples our meaning. Of the higher work in these earlier sonnets let us quote “Eagles of Tiberius”:

They say at Capua that Tiberius bound
His slaves to eagles, ere he had them flung
In the abysses, from the rocks that hung
Beetling above the sea and the sea's sound.

Slowly the eagle, struggling round and round
With the gagged slave that from his talons swung,
Sank through the air, to which he fiercely clung,
Until the sea caught both, and both were drowned.

O Eagle of the Spirit, hold thy own;
Work thy great wings, and grapple to the sky;
Let not this shackled body drag thee down

Into that stagnant sea where, by-and-by,
The ethereal and the clayey both must drown,
Bound by a link that neither can untie.

This is good; but the later “Sonnets of Life and Fate” and “Imaginary Sonnets” are still better. Here at length the poet has reached a fulness of emotional thought which gives his best sonnets a true distinction. They have passed the subtle bound which divides poetic verse from absolute poems. Mr. Lee-Hamilton's favourite method is to expound in the sestet an image set forth in the octave. This is done with extreme skill, so that the application strikes home with an effect of almost dramatic and sometimes solemn surprise. It may not be the highest and austere form of the sonnet; but the effect is fine and self-justifying. One is tempted to quote example on example, such as the “Ring of Faustus”—a very striking sonnet. But, forced to choose, we elect one of the “Imaginary Sonnets,” which does not belong to this type at all, but is remarkable for sheer descriptive strength—

“Leonardo da Vinci to his Snakes,” a sonnet on the picture of Medusa which inspired Shelley's poem:—

I love to watch them, trickling on the floor,
Like Evil's very ooings running free;—

Now livid blue, now green as green can be,

Now almost white, though black an hour before.

Their undulation, trammelled by no shore,

Might be a ripple upon Horror's sea,

The live meander moves so soundlessly,

Inscrutable as Magic's very core.

What if I painted a Medusa's head,

Fresh severed, lying on its back, with brow

Convulsed in death, and wan as moonlit lead;

And made the snakes, still writhing in a slow

Death struggle round the temples that are dead,

Striving to quit them in a ceaseless flow?

Every word of this tells (note, for instance, the “wan as moonlit lead”). An equal power, allied with imagination and emotional reflection, makes the best of this poet's sonnets distinctive and distinguished work, on which you can always open with pleasure. He has worked his single vein with a concentration slowly issuing in wise success.

The Value of Vivisection.

EXPERIMENTS ON ANIMALS. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and revised edition. Progressive Science Series. (Murray. 6s.)

THIS volume does not concern itself with the principle of vivisection. If human life has an absolute value, the principle is justified; if its value be only relative, then the supporters of vivisection must demonstrate how many rabbits it takes to save a baby's life, and must submit their equation to those who shall weigh the result. Mr. Paget's object is merely, however, to prove that vivisection has been of value to man, and this object he amply attains on each and every page. There is an entire absence of the polemic usually associated with this matter. The facts have simply been stated, with detailed references for every individual assertion. Excepting a reference to the “chorda tympani”—which no lay reader could guess to be a nerve connected with the drum of the ear—Mr. Paget has succeeded in making himself intelligible to the general reader, for whom the book is intended. The volume is practically a verifiable history of physiology, biology, pathology, bacteriology and therapeutics. In a temperate introduction, Lord Lister—who, as the founder of modern surgery, has saved more lives and averted more suffering than any other man in history—points out how difficult the present Act makes various branches of modern work in therapeutics, such as the production of the various anti-toxins which mark the scientific era in pure medicine.

The value of vivisection to physiology is familiar to most of us. We know that by it the arteries were found not to contain air (as their name signifies), that by it Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, and so forth. Physiology is, of course, fundamental, but it has not the instant interest of the other branches of knowledge to which vivisection has contributed since the Act of 1876. Darwin, at that time, could write that he knew “what a pity it would be to stop all progress in such a grand science as physiology,” but subsequent work has been of even more importance. We may note the antiseptic system of Lister, which has since then been perfected; the introduction of anti-toxins, and the discovery of the cause of consumption and its allies, which now appears to be on the verge of consummation by the introduction of an efficient curative serum, rendered possible, of course, only by vivisection. Vaccination against anthrax saves France about seven million francs a year in cattle and

sheep, so that animals also gain by vivisection. The number of children's lives saved by the new treatment of diphtheria is quite beyond reckoning, even if the future be ignored. The results in hydrophobia and plague are an old story, but malaria and yellow fever add a recent interest. Since the work, depending on vivisection, of Manson and Major Ross, which resulted in the latter bringing the Nobel prize in medicine to this country, everyone knows that malaria is dependent upon a certain mosquito. It is now merely a matter of draining the pools in which the mosquito breeds, and not only will malaria disappear—the process has already begun—but thousands of square miles of the richest parts of the surface of this shrinking planet will become available for the swelling race of mankind. We cannot do much with a supposed "miasm," but an *Anopheles* is within our powers. By the dispensable means of vivisection it has similarly been shown that the mosquito conveys yellow fever, and Havana last year supplied the astonishing result that there was not one death in the city from a disease which had been endemic for two centuries and killed every fourth inhabitant. Thus an indirect result of the Spanish-American war was to save about fifteen thousand lives in one city in one year. There has not been a single case of yellow fever in Havana since September. The disease (or rather the *Culex* mosquito) is there extinct. As to drugs, we range from chloroform, introduced as a result of dangerous experiments carried out on himself for months, in Edinburgh, by Sir James Simpson, to thyroid treatment, which now cures myxoedema, cretinism, and many forms of insanity all the world over. We may conclude by quoting the only paragraph in which Mr. Paget has let himself go:—

Myxoedema is but one instance how the treatment of disease must have the help of experiments on animals. Those who oppose all such experiments, now that they have faced or outfaced the facts about myxoedema, must face the facts about cancer. What do they wish to see done? They are absolutely ignorant of the elementary facts about the disease: Will they advise the experts what line to follow?

A Pleasing Chronicle of Sport.

EXMOOR STREAMS. NOTES AND JOTTINGS, WITH PRACTICAL HINTS FOR ANGLERS. By Claude F. Wade. With Illustrations. (Chatto and Windus.)

MR. WADE'S little book is more to our mind than most of the works on Angling which have been published within recent years. These, as a rule, are marred by one of two faults. In some cases the writers make their outings with rod and line the excuse for rather tiresome raptures on the beauties of rural nature as seen by men habituated to the bustle of cities; in others the writers discuss the sport as a whole, which is a large subject, from a narrowly limited experience. Mr. Wade's plan is much better. It is really about Angling that he writes, and he writes of the art only in so far as he is acquainted with it. His style is so slack that it would not pass an elementary examination in syntax; but one does not dip far into his pages before perceiving that his negligence is that of a sprightly man of experience so keenly interested in his subject that he discourses with no thought other than a natural disposition towards candour and lucidity. Since 1861, whenever he could quit the Temple for a holiday, Mr. Wade has been casting angle in the streams of Exmoor. The brown trout to be caught in these waters are not large: indeed, "the average," we are informed, "is no better than twelve to the pound!" Still, even if bigger game had never come in his way, Mr. Wade, we are sure, would have attracted us by his account of the days he has spent on the Lyn and the Barle.

When large fish are far away, surprising enjoyment is to be found in the capture of small ones. These twelve-to-

the-pound trout have their moods, which one must study. Sometimes they seek a particular fly, scorning all others; sometimes they scorn all flies, not disdaining a worm. About that emergency Mr. Wade tells the truth very pleasingly. "In clear low water," he writes, "I consider worm-fishing more difficult than, or at all events as difficult as, fly-fishing. Don't you believe that it is quite an inferior kind of sport and hardly to be named amongst fly fishermen. This is all utter nonsense, and is only put forward by those who fancy themselves at fly-fishing and know more or less about it, but who are utterly ignorant of the art of worm-fishing, which they pretend to despise simply because they don't understand it. . . . There is a great fascination in not knowing what sort of a fish you may get hold of, from a fifteen-pound salmon down to a one-ounce troutlet, or, where there are no salmon or peal, from a giant trout down to a pigny." This is nearly true. We know that fascination; but surely it is the experience only of those who, habitually fishing with flies, try the worm as an occasional change? There are surprises in fly-fishing too, as when the fingers that hold this very pen thrilled to the discovery, a few days ago, that a large salmon had taken a trout fly, a teal-and-red; but what Mr. Wade says is true in the main. Especially in a time of flood, the problem about what manner of fish may be looking at the sunken lure is wrapped in expectant and agreeable mystery.

From the passage which has been quoted, it will be perceived that there are fish other than small trout in the streams of Exmoor. Some days Mr. Wade caught thirty or forty half-pound brown trout; at certain times of the year sea-trout, varying between half-a-pound and four pounds, run up the streams; often too, if the floods are seasonable and sufficient, salmon are plentiful, and eager for lob worms or minnows. Mr. Wade, it is clear, knows the right way with all these fish. His prattle about them is genial, convincing, racy. Here and there he speaks a little despitefully of Lorna Doone. He dwells fondly on the times when she was "practically unknown." "Even 'Gurt John Ridd,'" he says, "had not arrived on the scene, as he did later on (at least I read it was so in a London newspaper), in the shape of a worthy and gigantic mender of roads, who afterwards, poor man, died blazoned out as the hero of Blackmore's excellent novel in a London hospital." The truth about this can now be revealed without impropriety. It was given to us over the walnuts and the wine at Teddington by Mr. Blackmore himself. "Was there really a John Ridd?" "O, yes," said our distinguished host, as picturesque an Englishman as we have ever known. "And was he—was he like Lorna's John?" "Well, no: not exactly. He was rather a gross brute; but I thought he had possibilities."

"Very Near a Great Man."

MAZARIN. By Arthur Hassall. Foreign Statesmen Series. (Macmillan. 2s. 6d.)

THIS volume (as was required by the plan of the series) is small, and Mazarin's career was large—it almost merges into European history; but Mr. Hassall has, on the whole, achieved the very difficult task of selection and compression with skill and discretion, while he possesses a clear and agreeable narrative touch. Mazarin is a somewhat neglected and generally misunderstood statesman. He had the ill-fortune to follow a man greater than himself; and that is a fatal misfortune. Thus he is regarded as playing Napoleon the Little to Richelieu's Napoleon the Great. The popular notion of him is that of Dumas: a weak, cunning, shifty, avaricious adventurer, succeeding in the end by undeserved good fortune. But this was, in truth, a man of very great talents, who would have been notable in any age or

country. He came into power under the most difficult conditions. Richelieu's death had set all men on expecting a change, many on hoping for it, a large and powerful combination on working for it. A Queen (Anne of Austria) who had been Richelieu's bitter enemy was Regent. Her friends, whom the great Cardinal had exiled, flocked back to France, clamorous for places, pensions, and the reversal of the dead man's policy. All Richelieu's enemies, which meant most of the French nobility and hosts of powerful intriguers besides, were determined to reverse his policy and regain their power. The Parliament of Paris, which Richelieu had made a nonentity, retook its power and determined on the reversal of his policy. All these strong factions, all the petticoat intriguers who then played such a part in politics, and were many of them the Queen's friends, had all one voice for the undoing of everything which Richelieu had done. It was the new Cardinal's legacy to maintain, consolidate, and complete the dead Cardinal's work. And against this hostile coalition he had but one basic support—the Queen to whom everyone looked as his most formidable enemy. His secret marriage with her was his salvation. But Anne was easy-going and anxious to please everybody; no safe support for a policy of blood-and-iron; moreover, her own friends were Mazarin's enemies and active opponents. It speaks volumes for his ability that against such odds he carried out the dead man's foreign policy with an unflinching and dexterous hand, making France the chief power in Europe, and guiding her arms to victory. True, he neglected home affairs, and let the forces of disorder gather till the Fronde obliged him to suppress them drastically. But was that his fault? Could he have played the Richelieu? No doubt he was by nature courteous and forbearing. No doubt he was of all things a diplomat, a "wily Italian," preferring smooth and subtle ways. But that is not all. His was not Richelieu's position, though he sat in Richelieu's seat. He was no French noble, came of no ancient French house, was not even a Frenchman at all. He was an Italian—adventurer, his enemies added. A French noble might send French nobles to the axe, as Richelieu sent them; it was lion preying on lion: if a foreigner should do the like, the nation would turn and rend him. This, with the Queen's easy temper, sufficiently excuses Mazarin's long-suffering. He could not strike till the nation was behind him: to have the nation behind him, the nobles must make it evident that they would ruin France unless they were suppressed. In the affair of the Duc de Bouillon Mazarin showed he could act when he was secure of public opinion. And when the Fronde had shown the impossibility of nobles and Parliament, he acted with firmness and entire success. When he died, he had completed Richelieu's legacy to the letter. He had finished the crushing of the nobles, he had finished the crushing of Austrian and Spanish supremacy, he had left France at the head of Europe. He who had done all this, against such obstacles, with nothing to rely on but a good-natured woman, was something very near a great man.

"The Correggio of Sculpture."

JEAN GOUJON: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Reginald Lister. With an Introduction by S. Arthur Strong. (Duckworth. 42s.)

ONE of those French artists of the Renaissance who are now receiving their due recognition, it needs but a glance at the reproductions which adorn this book to impress the beholder with the beauty and power as a sculptor of Jean Goujon. He had the artistic good fortune to live during the palmy days of Francis the First and Henri the Second, under the patronage of that extraordinary woman, Diane de Poitiers. She was

the inspiration and the model of his loveliest sculptures. Unlike most royal mistresses, her habits assimilated her to the goddess whose name she bore. She hunted constantly in the forest, she bathed, not in scented waters, but in the cold and living spring. Though her connection with the King, Henri the Second, was illegitimate, she assumed all the airs of the virtuous matron; prescribed medicine—and morals—for the royal children, advised the Queen (who loved her as little as might be expected), mixed in affairs of state, and—when Henri died—lived the life of a mourning widow. Cold, prudent, and of brilliant accomplishments, she patronised religion and the fine arts. Let it be set to her credit that she patronised Goujon. He, in his turn, has patronised her; and her beauty looks out from many of these pages. Witness, for instance, that splendid fountain of Diana which forms the frontispiece; in which, by the way, the stag is almost more beautiful than the goddess. Such proud and gentle animal loveliness was surely never expressed in sculpture.

As Mr. Lister says, the influence, and the beneficent influence, of Goujon on French art at large is impossible to overrate. That art was servilely under the foreign domination of the Italian school of Fontainebleau when he appeared. He rescued it, taught it independence and nationality, and set the type of French decorative art even down to the time of the Empire. He was the first to introduce the nude figure into French decorative sculpture—how exquisitely, let these pages show. Fortunate was it for him that he had a Diane de Poitiers as his model. Comparing the misfortune of the English renaissance, which had Elizabeth for its inspiration, Mr. Lister grimly remarks that a nude statue of the Virgin Queen is a horror unthinkable. Even the pictorial tendency of his sculpture, which has been made a reproach to him, was (Mr. Lister observes) of incalculable benefit in its effect on French painting of the future; coming, as he did, at a time when there were few French painters. His conceptions often resemble those of Correggio, whence he has been called the Correggio of sculpture; but his chisel has a severity which preserves austerity in his nude figures. Nay, in such figures as the bas-reliefs of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, which are represented here, the resemblance to Michael Angelo is unmistakable. There is a kindred majesty and masculinity. Nevertheless, Mr. Lister considers it difficult to believe that Goujon could have been acquainted with the great Italian's work. Mr. Lister gives a detailed account of what is known concerning his life and the sequence of his works; and this excellent monograph should be in the hands of all who love sculpture.

Other New Books.

THE FAITH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. By John Kelman, Junr. (Oliphant. 5s. net.)

TO Stevenson's readers any summary or interpretation of his religious faith is surely unnecessary, and those who have not read him are not likely to trouble their heads about it. Mr. Kelman appears to have recognised this difficulty, yet he did not on that account refrain from writing this book. "No apology is needed," he says, "for another book concerning Robert Louis Stevenson. It would be impossible to have too much of him; and while his faith has been touched upon in passing by most of those who have written about him, it has never yet been selected for special and detailed study." We agree with Mr. Kelman that it would be impossible to have too much of Stevenson's own work, but it is easy to have too much written round it; indeed, we have had too much already. We cannot, therefore, give any cordial welcome to this volume, although it is far above the

average of such work. Mr. Kelman writes well, draws sane conclusions, and is enthusiastic without being foolish. His point of view is certainly that which Stevenson would have held himself:—

There is around us much unconscious Christianity. There are strong men whom God has girded, though they have not known Him, and quiet men who do not seem to be following Christ, and yet unquestionably are casting out devils. These are the men who will best appreciate Stevenson's faith.

Mr. Kelman well says that "the distinguishing mark of this most dogmatic of men is the absence of dogma in the theological sense." Stevenson's faith was entirely undogmatic; to attempt to tie him to a formula was at once to make him kick. Yet he was always preaching; as he himself said: "I would rise from the dead to preach." After all, we have the best of his faith and philosophy stated in his own incomparable way in "A Christmas Sermon." If there are people who wish to have Stevenson's belief expounded to them they cannot do better than go to Mr. Kelman's pages.

LOVELY WOMAN. By T. W. H. Crosland. (Grant Richards. 5s.)

MR. CROSLAND has followed up his indictment of a nation with an indictment of a sex, and having been rude to the Unspeakable Scot he goes on to be even more rude to woman. Indeed, the only notable feature of this hysterical, ill-spelled, and uninformed work is its blatant rudeness, and the man who shouts rude remarks in a crowd is certain of a hearing—though not of respect. Woman, he maintains, has neither good looks nor efficiency; she is a failure as maid, wife, and widow. She ought to be kept in a hutch at the bottom of the garden. "Of Miss Ellen Thornercroft Fowler I will only say that I wish she had never been born." That is a specimen of what Mr. Crosland thinks a gentleman should write, print, and publish. Of "the sinner" he writes, "Most women are more or less bad"—a statement which would apply to all men. "Many of them drink. Some of them are kleptomaniacs and shoplifters." Of course; they are as human as their husbands and fathers. "A man can carry a skinful of liquor like a gentleman. A woman never gets drunk like a lady." Well—there the women who are also ladies may find an unintended compliment. Naturally Mr. Crosland is infuriated by the success of women "in obtaining what they conceive to be their rights." With Scotsmen and women "it is a case of Maud at the prow and Donald at the helm, and it means ruin of the bluest sort." We have been unable to find anything in the sentiment or the style of this work to justify it. It is simply rude.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A TOWN BOY AT WESTMINSTER, 1849-1855. By Captain F. Markham. (Arnold. 10s. 6d.)

A VOLUME of pleasant and virile reminiscences—the kind of book to please youngsters and make old men feel that youth is not, after all, so very far behind. Captain Markham was taken up to town from Yorkshire by his father and installed "up Grant's"; then, being left to end for himself, the fun—and also, no doubt, the education—began. The fagging does not seem to have been heavy, and when young Markham had to work for a boy he disliked he took pains to square things up. He did not like Whitaker, so when he packed for Whitaker he put tooth-powder all over his evening clothes. Later he had an adventure with the Bishop of Gloucester's door trimmings:—

The door was painted a beautiful olive green; the knocker, door-bell, name-plate, and letter-box were of brass—all beautifully polished. Slade said, "Now, then, here you are; you

take the bell, and I will take the knocker. When I say 'Go!' pull the bell out to full stretch, and give it a good whack with your stick!"

These instructions being carefully followed, both bell and knocker were secured. Says Captain Markham complacently: "I have the bell-handle on my mantel-piece."

Captain Markham writes of "In Bounds" and "Out of Bounds," "Green," "Water," "Fields," and other familiar matters, and always with a robust cheerfulness which is exhilarating. But he is best at the telling of scrapes and the usual school-boy pranks. There is a story of the attempted purchase of a ferret in Great Pie Street which will appeal to a good many old boys. "I think that the want of a gymnasium in those days was a great incentive to mischief," says the author, and no doubt it was. Looking back upon the old Westminster life, and comparing it with the school-life to-day, Captain Markham sees much to approve and something to deplore. Above all he regrets the abolition of "water," which, he says, was the very keystone of his school-life. But there is more joyful retasting of the past than regret for the old order in this invigorating and simple book.

There reaches us from the "Punch" office Mr. L. Raven-Hill's "An Indian Sketch-Book"—a volume containing over a hundred pencil drawings of scenes, incidents, and impressions taken during the artist's visit to the Durbar. In a dedication to E. A., Mr. Raven-Hill says: "Some of these 'leaves from a sketch-book' may recall to you scenes we saw together; the others, many of them roughly noted at odd moments snatched from the tedium of railway journeys, will, I hope, give you some impression of the things that struck me as curious during a hurried visit to the Shining East. . . ." The drawings have Mr. Raven-Hill's customary alertness and facility.

"The House Beautiful" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin), by Mr. C. M. Weed, is a volume dealing with flower decoration. The author treats the subject practically, and gives valuable hints as to harmonies in the colour and form of flowers as well the harmony which should exist between the flowers and their receptacles and surroundings. As a rule Mr. Weed has adopted Japanese methods, but they have been adapted to Western conditions. The volume is fully and suggestively illustrated.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest addition to Messrs. Macmillan's three-and-sixpenny issue of Mr. Thomas Hardy's stories is "Wessex Tales."—The same publishers have added to their Illustrated Pocket Classics Maria Edgeworth's "Ormond," with an introduction by Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie. The illustrations, which were originally published in 1895, are by Mr. Carl Schloesser.—Messrs. Methuen have just issued a delightful little leather-bound reprint of Edward Fitzgerald's "Euphranor." This "Dialogue on Youth" deserves more readers than it probably has nowadays. The text is founded on the first edition of 1851.

Fiction.

CATHERINE STERLING. By Norma Lorimer. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a story of a woman with a past—though Catherine Sterling is still in the first flush of beauty when we leave her. As a girl she finds herself friendless in Japan—except for the man who offers her marriage "without benefit of clergy"; it was the most he could do, since he had already a wife in a lunatic asylum. A year or two later Catherine is in London, a "widow in all but name," with a moderate fortune, the requisite chaperonage, and

the inevitable lovers. There is one man who knows her secret, a big, bony, passionate man who goes straight for what he wants without recking of moral fences. And Hugh Dowling is the surprise of the story, a surprise which Miss Lorimer has concealed and displayed with skill. Is this brawny Philistine going to use his knowledge of Catherine's past, when Catherine spurns him and meets Carnac, an insufferable prig, in picture galleries? Miss Lorimer leads her heroine a pretty dance through the lovers whom she is afraid to tell (for she is an honest woman and will not marry under false colours) and the one lover who does not need to be told. The story is well told, with interludes of somewhat acrid epigram:—

Women only believe in the proposals their friends accept, not in those they have refused.

Confidences from women are generally given to hide secrets.

And here is a nice feminine discrimination between the masculine attitudes towards governesses and dancing girls:—

A man thinks twice before he will marry the woman whom he considers suitable and desirable to be the daily and hourly companion and instructress to his children, but he often risks everything to make a ballet-girl their mother.

Miss Lorimer has risen well above the average in the writing of stories, and in flashes she is really good.

THE PINCH OF PROSPERITY. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (Murray. 6s.)

Mr. VACHELL takes himself seriously, at least, which is something to be grateful for. He writes a prefatory note, to explain his attitude towards prosperity, in which he says: "In this book prosperity and poverty are presented side by side, as they may be found in the book of Life. To many readers the transition from one to the other may seem abrupt. Is it therefore inartistic? The writer confesses that he doesn't know." Well, a good many artistic books have been written in which such sudden transitions have been made, and we do not complain of Mr. Vachell's work on that score. What we do complain of is that the plot of the story turns not upon life but upon improbability and coincidence, so that from the outset we find ourselves in an atmosphere of unreality. It is incredible to us that twins should be so alike as to deceive their lovers and their husbands, yet the whole book is built round a deliberate deception by which the girl twins exchange names. That is not the kind of material from which good fiction springs. Coincidence, too, is rampant in the story. Coincidence, of course, may be made perfectly convincing, but Mr. Vachell has not the knack of it.

The manner of the book is better than its matter. Mr. Vachell writes with some distinction, though he has a rather irritating tendency to sententiousness. One of the characters is natural and well observed—the girl Pretty Parslow. She is far and away the best piece of work in "The Pinch of Prosperity." The four principal people—the twins and their husbands—do not much interest us; Mr. Vachell's psychology is hardly equal to the task which he has set himself. As for the artist who is half brother to the twins, we find him dull and ineffective; indeed, he never lives for us. Yet Mr. Vachell's book is one which may be read with considerable pleasure, so after all it was well worth paper and print.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ROMAN ROAD. BY ZACK.

Three stories by the author of "On Trial." The scene of the first, which occupies half the book, is laid at a country house in the village through which ran the Roman road. Passing among the dilapidated cottages it "seemed to image forth life triumphant over disease and failure." The story opens with a conversation in which the owner of Groot Hall, by his mother's confession, finds that he is not the rightful heir. But, like the Roman road, his life emerged from failure. The symbolism of the story is insistent throughout. (Constable. 6s.)

THE WAY BACK.

BY ALBERT KINROSS.

A study of yellow journalism. The story deals with the last episode in the life of a man whose literary career began with high ideals, and who found disenchantment as a purveyor of "literature" to the reading public nurtured by the Board Schools. In the opening chapter he sells his partnership—"I'm tired, I'm rich, and I want to live"—and seeks to retrace his steps to the period of his life at which he was the author of a book of poems. "The Way Back" is brief, tragical, and cynical. (Constable. 6s.)

M.R.C.S.

BY BURFORD DELANNOY.

A sensational detective story. The doctor had poisoned his patient because of her determination to make a confession which would ruin him. The nurse discovers the crime, and offers to withhold her evidence at the inquest on condition that he will marry her to conceal her shame. The dead woman's husband who, at the moment, was contemplating suicide, appears opportunely with a revolver just as the doctor is about to conceal the circumstances of his patient's death by killing the nurse. The book is illustrated. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)

THE NEW EDEN.

A sentimental story about "a beautiful girl, with large dreamy eyes." It opens in Ireland in the springtime. "The spring maiden, in a robe of young green, her head crowned with blossoms, had come to ratify the vows of Nature." Much of the narrative is like this, and the dialogue abounds in aphorisms. The rejected hero made a play out of his troubles, and when Sylvia witnessed it from the stalls she understood—"her white lips swept apart into a wonderful smile." Part of the action takes place in Italy. (Dublin: Hodges & Co. 6s.)

SANDFORD OF MERTON.

BY BELINDA BLINDERS.

"A Story of Oxford Life, edited by Desmond F. T. Coke." It contains pictures of "The Union Debate," "The Cocoa Party," "The Eights," "The Cambridge Football Match," and so on, from the point of view of a maiden lady who spent "a whole week" in the University collecting her material. Some of the papers have appeared in "The Isis," and the book is altogether reminiscent of University journalism. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

VIRGINIA OF THE RHODESIANS.

BY CYNTHIA STOCKLEY.

A volume of South African love stories. Virginia, the narrator, is a light-hearted, unconventional young woman, with a distaste for "chaperone nonsense," a fund of humour, and an easy, swinging style. The scene of the stories is Mashonaland, at a period before the Matabele war. There are seven in all, with the connecting link of Virginia's personality. In a quotation from Mr. Kipling on the title page she invites her readers to "learn about women from me." (Hutchinson. 6s.)

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Firstliness.

It may well be that the creation of the word that heads this article is an impudence, but it offers the advantage of adaptability; we can fit any meaning to it we please. At present it shall stand for qualities characteristic of beginnings in art. For instance, it shall stand for the purple insincerity of this passage:—

Red Moselle! fierce is the swell of thy spreading course—
but why do thy broad waters blush when they meet the Rhine?

It shall stand for the pathetic attempt to transmute tautology into power in this:—

There were sobs from among the group, and sounds of grief and mourning. For she was dead. There upon her little bed she lay at rest. The solemn stillness was no marvel now. She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm . . .

It matters little that "Vivian Grey" is a first novel and that "The Old Curiosity Shop" is not: the hallmark of firstliness is on both quotations. Not merely in the badness of them do we recognise it; firstliness is not a disease. But we recognise firstliness in the lyric impulse which flogged both writers into articulation. Disraeli's impulse was something like that which makes a man pace a platform while waiting for the train; in the case of Dickens the image may be changed to that of the same man looking about him, a little dazed, after arrival at his destination. The one is fatuously energetic; the other is creditably moved; both have said or exclaimed too much. The resulting fruit in each case properly belongs to literary museums.

Let it be repeated that firstliness is not a disease. A masterpiece may breathe it on every page; howbeit it implies a need for precipitate utterance, and a consequent disregard of form. Vivian Grey is firstliness to the marrow, for he represents Disraeli fondling himself in the "Empire of the Intellect," and revelling in spangled speech and operatic catastrophes. All the affectation of the novel has been enjoyed by the author so much that one looks at it rather as a *lusus naturæ* than a clever offence against art. Such a novel had to be, thanks to firstliness, so apt at dictating something at once truthful and grotesque.

Turn we now to a modern instance—"The Flame and the Flood." It comes to us in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library and deserves sympathetic attention. We have not read many pages before we discover that Miss Langbridge has been fortunate enough to get her matter out of her delighted and alarmed consciousness of early womanhood and all the threat and promise of the future it faces and implores. "I will—BLAZE," says Susette, whose mouth, according to the mood of her lover, is like the Sonata Appassionata or "a slice of bread and strawberry jam bitten into by a schoolboy." Susette was seen by her creator—and we see her. She comes to us out of a fresh imagination. One remembers a prototype—coarser, less drawn—in the gallery of Miss Helen Mathers,

but she is no less individual for that than anyone is for having had a grandmother. Her pathos is that of a wild, almost libertine spirit, tied to a feeble and parasitical one. Fiction has perhaps seldom given us the blind man so repellantly as he exists in Susette's husband, and we may therefore accept the idea that youth's instinctive hostility towards infirmity and weakness is documented in "The Flame and the Flood." The following passage well illustrates the author's power of transmuting that hostility into realism:—

She led Maurice into the little dining-room, placed him beside her . . . in a chair . . . She fastened a napkin round his chin, smoothing away the soft indefinite hair that was tied in with it, bent over and asked him if it were too tight . . . She rose and gravely wiped his mouth for him.

It is overdone, for that is the way of firstliness, which is afraid it may not be heard unless it bawls; but the effect aimed at is gained. We do dislike this blind man who fumbles incessantly for love, like a belated drunkard for the keyhole.

And yet (there are always "and yet's" with firstliness!) this is not the man to whom we were first introduced. That man was straighter and had a good deal of heroism. The fact is that Miss Langbridge could not forgive him for marrying the heroine, and emasculated him in revenge: hence another illustration of the naïveté of firstliness.

That naïveté demands the substantiation of pet dreams as a matter of course, and nothing is more curious than the union of biased realism with gushing idealism in such a book as this. Consider in this connection the link between music and firstliness. It seems to take a writer of the learning and self-control of a Samuel Butler to make music a value instead of a fault in fiction. Even Turgenev forgot his Slavonic sincerity when a musician was, for the nonce, his hero.

Miss Langbridge is engulfed in absurdity when she opens the piano for her puppets. The notes become as explicit as words; hers is a world where she may reasonably hope to obtain the vocal score of the astral septet. Yet even here her faculty of realism does not wholly desert her. The musician to whom her Irish heroine loses her heart is, as mere man, entirely alive; his child-like selfishness, his perfect self-consciousness which anticipates every criticism to defeat it, are admirably portrayed.

Eulogy, however, is tiresome, except to the praised, and we return to the quality of firstliness. Assuredly it is the precipitate discharge of a personality, and that is why it is seldom the thing called art. To bristle with all one's cleverness like a tame porcupine is a desire which the scepticism of the market encourages and consummates. Miss Langbridge displays an armoury of wit and metaphor, some of which is exceedingly good and some tiresome. When we read that a lady's inner consciousness "replied with evasive pettishness that there was no use in nailing upon the door of her natural impulse a numbered programme" we smell a far-off odour of midnight kerosene. On the other hand, the image of the grandfather's clock "gulping down each stroke as a dog gulps meat" is irresistibly droll, and indeed Miss Langbridge's novel has a piquancy of phrase and dialogue which qualify her for frequent quotation.

Firstliness has inveigled her into only one distinct fault beyond what we have mentioned—the fault of a narrative which is at once indeterminate and timid. Is Susette's "common kinship with the Opalescence of the world" reconcileable with a pious acquiescence with a stultifying domesticity? It is moral, but is it truth?

There we leave Miss Langbridge, for we have another phase of firstliness to consider in which she has no part. It is that which does not so much seek self-expression as self-subordination to a popular taste. That way lies imitation, and this is why we should not seek the firstliness

of a man of many works in his first work. Still if there be only one work to seek it in, one must make the best of it. "Nine Points of the Law," by Mr. W. S. Jackson, and recently published by Mr. Lane, is a case to cite. The author imagines that a holidaying clerk discovers a quantity of thieves' loot. He immediately develops a buccaneering spirit and annexes what afterwards becomes an embarrassing and dangerous white elephant. "To be detective, thief, and informer, 'three single gentlemen rolled into one,'" is the part he seems called upon to play, and he does his best with it in a volume that is instantly recognisable as made on the Anstey model with the model's fault, namely, that it gets a little too near tragedy to be consistent with one's idea of wholly genial humour. The stamp of individuality is noticeable in the marginal notes, which have occasionally a droll flavour of an ill-regulated library, as thus: "her saponaceous lavement catalambanized the pavement." Mr. Jackson enters with gusto into the feelings of impecuniosity, and his clerk's make-belief shopping is an excellent *jeu d'esprit*.

Yet we would fain have found in his pages more signs of firstliness than are there. Perhaps they will appear in a work less neatly humorous, less obedient to the fictional convention for bringing together impecunious young men and pretty heiresses.

Firstliness, as found in "The Flame and the Flood," and in novels too famous to be named at present in the same breath thrills, the word-weary critic with a pathos that is nearly a pang. For it is the outcome of a joyous volubility that writes because it must, because the pen is alive and even the blank side of a handbill an inspiration, and because it believes sooner in a drought of ink than a famine of ideas.

FitzGerald and Calderon.

THE actor-manager of the present day is at a loss for a good play, ancient or modern—apparently he is so hard-driven that he does not much care which. One has lately revived an eighteenth-century comedy which would be thought very far from brilliant were it produced by a modern dramatist. Another not so long ago fell back on a Spanish play of little merit. Even the society expressly devoted to remedying the regular theatre's want of enterprise seems itself to suffer under a deficiency ofactable material. Or is it, in both cases, a contracted view that ails the searcher for plays actable yet unacted? Surely there are masterpieces begging to be acted. Why, for instance, should any manager risk his fortunes on a mediocre Spanish play when the whole theatre of Calderon lies before him? That is the question brought home to us by the issue of FitzGerald's—"Omar" FitzGerald's—"Six Dramas of Calderon" (the De La More Press, Regent Street), edited by Dr. H. Oelsner. Allowing that the great Spaniard, as he stands, presents difficulties on the English stage, here are those difficulties removed. FitzGerald seems, indeed, to have had even an excessive eye on our own stage in the making of these versions; so that it would need little stage-editing of FitzGerald to place them bodily on the London boards. And such a play as "The Mayor of Zalamea" cries on the actor-manager, "Come, act me!" Were it sent in to him as a new piece, he must see the "fat" on every page. The situations (to maintain theatrical *parlance*) leap to the eye as we read. "How that would act!" we exclaim involuntarily. But it is only a masterpiece written in Spain, quite two centuries or more ago; and—what would you? we do not act such things. Is there not farce still in Paris? yea, and musical comedy is much in the land. Vex us not with your Calderons.

It can scarce be accident, indeed, that FitzGerald's selection hardly at all displays the famed poetical quality of Calderon's drama. Manifestly (we think) he desired to commend the great Spaniard's fitness for the English stage; and therefore he chose pieces with the maximum of stage-quality, the minimum of that poetry which the modern theatre hates as the gates of Hades. This preoccupation with acting-possibilities is shown in more than one note. It is a pity, because his selection gives no complete suggestion of Calderon, does not even (from a literary standpoint) present the Spaniard at his highest. The more is our regret that the editor has not included the two plays which FitzGerald translated, but did not publish. What we have seen from one of them ("The Mighty Magician") may stand beside Shelley's fragment of the same drama; and they would have represented precisely that high poetic side of Calderon which is here lacking.

But we must take Calderon as FitzGerald has chosen to give him us, and be glad to get him. FitzGerald's Omar was more FitzGerald than Omar; and in a less degree, his Calderon suffers a FitzGeraldine change. If the Omar was FitzGerald-Omar, the Calderon is Calderon-FitzGerald. It was part of FitzGerald's strong personality to impose it on the authors he translated; and precisely from this process springs the vitality of his translations. Shelley's Goethe has the stamp of Shelley, Rossetti's Dante the stamp of Rossetti, Chapman's Homer the stamp of Chapman; and thereby they become English poems, and alive. Yet they have somewhat of the original, in so far as there was sympathy between translator and translated. By this dual process of re-creation metrical versions live or not at all. FitzGerald's Calderon is less changed from the original than his Omar. It is also less miraculous. But not because of the less freedom; rather because he had to do with a far greater master, on whom he could work no artistic improvement. He attempts such improvement—it was in the man; but it is countervailed by the inevitable loss of translation from a great genius. He attempts too much improvement, takes too much liberty; as when a Frenchman docks Shakespeare of all which—justly or unjustly—rasps a Gallic taste. Yet, with all that may rightly be brought against it, the translation remains a work of genius, vital as scrupulously respectful versions of Calderon are not vital. These are breathing English plays—and to compass that is a feat.

Calderon as revealed to us in these six plays (and we shall not go beyond them) is essentially a rhetorical dramatist. He does not come into competition with Shakespeare; he stands frankly on a lower plane—lower in kind. There is (with exceptions hereafter to be noticed) no attempt at realism of character—hardly at character at all, save in a generic and typical sort. The plot does not evolve (as in Shakespeare) through the interaction between fate or circumstance (which is a mode of fate) and character. It is a drama of skilful construction and striking "situation." Now "situation" is the proper instrument of rhetorical drama; for indeed situation is rhetoric in action. (We use "rhetoric" in its modern, not its true and ancient sense.) These plays are midway between the rhetorical French drama and the poetic naturalism of Elizabethan drama. In structure they are rhetorical and French, depending on unexpected and startling situation. In dialogue, they mingle a certain judicious element of rhetoric with a large proportion of naturalism. They are a mean between the two extreme kinds—English and French; though of course the Spanish theatre was earlier than either. And if in kind we must rank them below Shakespeare, they are above the French. The gay glitter of intrigue throughout these plays is admirably contrived and maintained. Gay it is in such excellent comedy as "Keep your own Secret," or part of the "Mayor of Zalamea." In other plays it is tragic and absorbing. For the devisal of sombrely terrible situation

Victor Hugo does not surpass Calderon; only Calderon uses the device more sparingly. He confines it chiefly to the climax of his plays. In these dramas it turns invariably upon the famous "Point of Honour"—the right of the injured husband to take personal vengeance for his honour; nay, his duty to do so. "The Painter of his own Dishonour" is a well-known instance. The wife, carried off by her former lover, is confined unwillingly in a castle. The husband, an amateur painter, takes service as an artist with the Prince who is Governor of Naples, that he may search for her. The Prince, also in love with her, learns her presence in the castle, and commissions the disguised husband to paint her portrait for him. He bribes a servant to shut the painter in a grated room, whence he may see her. She enters, and falls asleep. Her abductor appears just as she wakes from a dream of her husband's vengeance; and, still under the influence of the dream, she flies to his arms, imploring him to save her from her husband. The husband, thus mistakenly convinced of her guilty complicity, unable to force the door, fires on them through the grating. They both fall, dying. The wife's father, the abductor's father (who is also the bosom friend of the avenging husband), and the Prince rush in at the report. "Open the door," cries the Prince; "but what is this?" "A picture," answers the emerging husband:—

Done by the Painter of his own Dishonour
In blood.
I am Don Juan Roca. Such revenge
As each would have of me, now let him take,
As far as one life holds. Don Pedro, who
Gave me this lovely creature for a bride,
And I return to him a bloody corpse:
Don Luis, who beholds his bosom's son
Slain by his bosom friend: and you, my lord,
Who, for your favours, might expect a piece
In some far other style of art than this:
Deal with me as you list; 'twill be a mercy
To swell this complement of death with mine:
For all I had to do is done, and life
Is worse than nothing now.

The Prince bids him fly; but the murdered man's father, Don Luis, asks "From whom?" He would himself have helped his friend to vengeance on his own son. According to the fierce Spanish code, Don Juan has done only what the fetish, Honour, compelled him to do. The girl's father, Don Pedro, bows to the Prince's justice. "Be it so," says the Prince; "meanwhile"—but Don Juan interrupts him:—

Meanwhile, my lord, let me depart;
Free, if you will, or not. But let me go,
Nor wound these fathers with the sight of one
Who has cut off the blossom of their age:
Yea, and his own, more miserable than all,
They know me; that I am a gentleman,
Not cruel, nor without what seem'd due cause
Put on this bloody business of my honour;
Which having done, I will be answerable
Here and elsewhere, to all for all.

"Depart," says the Prince, "in peace." "In peace!" groans the wretched husband. "Come, Leonelo"; and the curtain falls. The fine rhetorical point of all this, combined yet with a certain dignified truth to nature—Spanish nature; the reticent simplicity (quite Shakespearean) of that last despairing echo, "In peace!" and the impressive effect of the whole situation, are too evident that we should enlarge on them. Excellent, too, is FitzGerald's rendering. A more grimly terrible situation still is that which closes "Three Judgments at a Blow." Something kindred is the close of "The Mayor of Zalamea"; and this play summarises in itself all the Calderonian qualities displayed in FitzGerald's selections, both comic and tragic. Its one and cardinal error, indeed, is that it breaks at the last, abruptly and without preparation or transition, from jovial comedy into the

most harrowing tragedy. The farmer's daughter, hitherto the faintest figure of rural comedy, is suddenly revealed to us in a wood, mourning her violation by the Spanish captain. FitzGerald has transposed her speech from verse to prose, and even sought to de-poetize her language, though he avows it one of the finest poetic outbursts in Calderon. That is a mistake: since the poet chose to make this sudden change he did right to strike the altered keynote boldly at the outset. FitzGerald only spoils good poetry into vicious prose; still too raised for prose, while it misses the absolute heights of poetry. He does not remove the incongruity he desires to remove. But, for all this, the play is a masterpiece. The farmer (in the last scenes Mayor) and the old general, Don Lope de Figueroa, are individual portraits of a distinctness unwonted in Calderon. Don Lope, in fact, is a portrait: Calderon personally served under him. The peppery obstinacy of Don Lope, the sturdy obstinacy of Pedro Crespo, the farmer, are admirably distinguished and contrasted: the scenes in which they alternately fraternise and clash are gems of comedy and deft stage effect. One can see an English audience in applauding laughter over them. No less splendidly written for stage effect are the tragic scenes; where Crespo, become Mayor, after vainly imploring the Captain, on his knees, to marry his outraged daughter, rises, grasps his official wand, and orders him to gaol. Standing before the prison, he refuses to surrender him, though Don Lope turns out his regiment and vows to burn down gaol and town. The King enters, Crespo presents the depositions; and—told that, though his sentence is just, he must give up the man to the military authorities—replies it is impossible. "What do you mean?" asks the astonished King; and the undaunted Crespo answers, "You will see." The prison gates unclose, revealing the Captain garrotted in a chair. Crespo is made perpetual Mayor of Zalamea; and, with a characteristic sturdy passage of arms between him and the choleric but good-natured Don Lope, this little masterpiece ends. But no description or extract could do justice to it: it must be read entire. It is not in bravura-passages, or anything quotable, that the power of these plays resides. It is in the gradually cumulative effect of the perfectly woven intrigue, the natural language, the masterly structure of the whole. And these are rendered in the freshest vernacular English, and blank-verse handled with the skill of a poet. Let us, we say again, have the two unpublished plays.

Hans Andersen's Raw Material.

THE reissue of Sir George Webb Dasent's "Popular Tales from the Norse" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) puts before old and young alike one of the most delightful collections of fairy-tales in existence, rendered into admirable and clean-bred vernacular English. Here, one may say, is the raw material of Hans Andersen; and with such models before him (or the like of such) he had an unsurpassed foundation for his exquisite art. Indeed, some of these tales are equal to all but the most inspired of the great Andersen's work. Here, as surely as in any epic or drama, you have the mind of a people, simple, shrewd, homely, and in the truest sense poetical—for Nature is their gossip and next-neighbour, and her children their familiar playfellows. For what might be called the elemental fairy-tale, as distinguished from the tale of opulent or graceful fancy, they seem fitted beyond all nations. Nowhere but here do beasts become articulate with such convincing inevitableness. The tales swarm with beasts, the most delightful and natural that ever fraternised with man. The

charming imaginative humour of Andersen has but carried the realisation a step further. Some of them, in their naïf quaintness, directly recall him; such as that of the three Billy-goats Gruff, who went up a hill to make themselves fat. There the story has its tongue in its cheek; and the same delicious quality, as of an ironic child, is in the tale of the cock and hen who started off to go up the Dovrefell, because the hen had dreamed that unless she went up the Dovrefell the world would come to an end. Others are the general tale of beast intrigue, in which the fox is the cunning sharper. Such is that of the Bear who demands that the peasant shall bring him his horse, on penalty of his flock being torn to pieces. The Fox offers aid, and tells the peasant what to do. So, when the man meets the Bear, there is a noise among a heap of stones at a distance (made by the Fox), and the man replies to the Bear's inquiry as to who is there, that it is Peter the Marksman. Immediately the Fox bawls from the neighbouring wood:—

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?"
 "Say No!" said the Bear.
 "No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.
 "What's that, then, that stands alongside your sledge?" bawled out the voice in the wood.
 "Say it's an old fir-stump," said the Bear.
 "Oh, it's only an old fir-stump," said the man.
 "Such fir-stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledges," bawled out the voice. "If you can't do it yourself, I'll come and help you."
 "Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on your sledge," said the Bear.
 "No, thank ye, I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the bear on to the sledge.
 "Such fir-stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice; "shall I come and help you?"
 "Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast, do," said the Bear.
 "No, thanks, I can help myself well enough," said the man, who set to binding Bruin . . . so that at last the bear couldn't stir a paw.
 "Such fir-stumps we always drive our axes into in our part of the world," bawled the voice.
 "Pretend to drive your axe into me, do now," said the Bear.
 Then the man took his axe, and at one blow split the bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice.

Sad to say when the Fox goes home with the man to receive his promised reward, a fine wether, the man (by his wife's counsel) brings his dog in the bag instead, and looses it on the injured Fox. Yet the Bear, though often outwitted by the Fox, is to the Norseman the King of Beasts; and—especially as a White Bear—mysterious powers and supremacy are assigned him in some of the stories. So is it with the Red Indian, to whom the Bear is not only the chief of the beasts, but the Initiator, the patron and trainer of "medicine-men":—

Sdoaks was the son of Yelth the wise,
 Chief of the raven clan:
 Itswoot the Bear had him in care
 To make him a medicine-man.
 He was quick and quicker to learn,
 Bold and bolder to dare;
 He danced the dread Kloo-Kwallie dance
 To tickle Itswoot the Bear!

So sings Mr. Kipling, in a snatch that deserves completion. But the curious feature, which young sympathisers with Red Ridinghood may find it hard to pardon, is the good character which Norway gives the wolf, who is drawn as a gentle beast and of a good conscience.

Like all true fairy-tales, these Norse stories are delightfully unmoral. All children natively hate to find a moral secreted about a story, and joy to find in their fairy-tales a land where no crude moral reigns. They take no harm from it; for children have a healthy unpracticality in

regard to tales of fancy, drawing a strict dividing-line between the world of faëry and the world of good behaviour and clean pinafores. The Norse tales are not immoral: they are cheerfully ready to give you pretty morality if it comes in their way, and equally ready to set morality scampering if it doesn't. "Buttercup," for instance, if it teach anything (but does it?) teaches small boys to be greedy, and foolish, and cunning, and cruel. Buttercup's mother sends him out to see why the dog barks:—

"Oh, heaven help us! here comes a great big witch, with her head under her arm, and a bag at her back."

"Jump under the kneading-trough and hide yourself," said his mother.

So in came the old hag. "Good day," said she.

"God bless you!" said Buttercup's mother.

"Isn't your Buttercup at home to-day?" asked the hag.

"No, that he isn't. He's out in the wood with his father, shooting ptarmigan."

"Plague take it!" said the hag, "for I had such a nice little silver knife I wanted to give him."

"Pip! pip! here I am," said Buttercup, under the kneading-trough, and out he came.

"I'm so old and stiff in the back," said the hag, "you must creep into the bag and fetch it out for yourself."

But when Buttercup was well into the bag, the hag threw it over her back and strode off. . . . The old hag got tired and asked: "How far is it off to Snoring?"

"Half a mile," answered Buttercup. So the hag put down the sack . . . and lay down to sleep. Meantime Buttercup set to work and cut a hole in the sack with his knife; then he crept out and put a great root of a fir-tree into the sack, and ran home to his mother.

He is dull and greedy enough to fall into a like trap twice more; and the third time is carried to the witch's house, who leaves her daughter to chop off his head and boil him while she goes out. The daughter does not know how to set about her task, so the boy tells her to put her head on the block, and he will show her—a Punch-and-Judy trick:—

So the poor silly thing laid her head down, and Buttercup took an axe and chopped her head off, just as if she had been a chicken. Then he laid her head in the bed, and popped her body into the pot, and boiled it so nicely.

He gets up the chimney, taking a stone and the block with him. The hag returns with her husband, sees her daughter in bed, apparently, and sniffs at the broth.

"Good, by my troth,
 Buttercup-broth!"

said the old hag.

"Good, by my troth,
 Daughter-broth!"

said Buttercup down the chimney, but no one heeded him.

At a second repetition they go to the door to find where the voice comes from; and Buttercup pushes down stone and block on them, kills them, and makes off home with their gold and silver.

Some of the tales suggest, to our mind, an originally mythologic origin. One in particular, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," while on one side it approaches "Beauty and the Beast," on the other has singularly interesting resemblance to Apuleius' lovely fable of Cupid and Psyche. A poor girl is married to a White Bear; and nightly in his palace a man lies by her side. Her mother (whom the marriage enriched) gives her a candle-end, and persuades her to inspect her husband, lest he be a Troll. She obeys, against the Bear's warning:—

There came a man and lay down beside her; but at dead of night, when she heard he slept, she got up and struck a light, lit the candle, and let the light shine on him, and so she saw that he was the loveliest Prince one ever set eyes on, and she fell so deep in love with him on the spot, that she thought she couldn't live if she didn't give him a kiss there and then. And so she did, but as she kissed him, she dropped three hot drops of tallow on his shirt, and he woke up.

"What have you done?" he cried; "now you have made us both unlucky, for had you held out only this one year, I had been freed. For I have a stepmother who has bewitched me, so that I am a White Bear by day, and a Man by night. But now all ties are snapt between us, now I must set off from you to her. She lives in a castle which stands East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, and there, too, is a Princess with a nose three ells long, and she's the wife I must have now."

Strange is it to find, among these homely, often beautiful, always charming Northern tales, so close a likeness to the—

Latest-born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy.

Impressions.

XXXIV.—Extremes.

THE sunshine flooded Paris, the bright streets were crowded, and all through that hot morning the motors dodged and darted between the traffic to the Tuileries gardens, where they were to be weighed, preparatory to the great race. The keen, trembling beasts passed one by one through the gates, and the air was full of the shouts of chauffeurs, the odour of petrol, and the cries of dogs; for in the gardens a dog show was also being held. It was Paris at its hottest and noisiest moment, and when a friend found me staring at a panting Mercedes car that refused to ascend the slight incline to the gardens, and said, "I've seen a dog so tiny that you could slip it into a tea-cup," I felt that trees and glades held more attractions than Paris that day. So I departed by steamer up the Seine, passed under a stone bridge blazoned with a great N, and disembarked at a village where there were trees, a sunny road, and a café, with tables, on which white cloths were spread beneath an awning. At the table nearest to the road sat a Frenchman drinking absinthe, and under his eyes, and under mine, scenes from the pageant of life passed along that village road.

The absinthe drinker dozed and dreamed in the sunshine, looking at nothing in particular, sipping the yellow, clouded liquid, contentedly bemused; but inside the café the company of villagers were alert, cheerful, and watchful. They sang over their meal, and when two priests passed by they rose to their feet and hooted. Then the soldiers, preceded by a band playing a rousing march, swung down the hill, bronzed, dusty, and the villagers thumped the tables, ran to the door, and cheered; but the absinthe drinker gazed dully at the men in red and blue, as uninterested in them as he had been in the priests.

After that nothing happened for quite a long time. It was enough to sit and gaze idly at the sunny road, and to watch two women across the way carding wool. But no French village is long free from the motor-car, and soon it came—a racer, of steel, shaped like a torpedo, one man huddled in the seat, the other crouched on the step. Dust-powdered, hooded, goggled, with heads bent forward, every line of their figures rigid with the tension of that awful rush across the land, this anarchical beast under their sway leapt up the hill, gleamed for a moment before our eyes, and was gone, while the absinthe drinker sat in the sun, staring vacantly at the white table-cloth.

Here were the two extremes: those men in the racing motor peering on death lurking at every corner—the extremity of action and excitement; and that bemused absinthe drinker sitting in the sun—the extremity of sloth. France in 1903!

Or to change the picture—that great stone N blazoned on the bridge across the Seine, and the toy dog in the Tuileries "so tiny that you could slip it into a tea-cup."

Drama.

A Portrait Play.

I BELIEVE that I have an extraordinary dislike to the use of historical characters for the purposes of a novel or a play. You are almost certain to fall between two stools. Either you elaborately get up all the documents, and apply all the resources of your historic consciousness to the task of portraying the man in his habit as he lived, only to discover in the end how infinitely less vivid and convincing he has become in your work of art than he was in the unstudied photography of the letters and memoirs from which you got him; or else you give your imagination the reins, and reconstruct your hero as the wind of the spirit bids you, only to discover in the end that the historic consciousness (yours, or more probably that of your critics) has not been appeased, and is rising up against you like an accusing ghost. I ought, perhaps, to make an exception for Shakespeare, whose historical plays have met with a considerable measure of acceptance. But in the first place Shakespeare's historical plays always seem to me quite his worst plays, and only really interesting when he turns aside from kings and captains to paint, in Falstaff, some gross disreputable riff-raff who has hiccupped out his soul to him across the burnt sack in an Elizabethan tavern. And in the second place Shakespeare wrote before the historic consciousness had made its appearance, and his Henry the Fifth or his Richard the Third are apt to have, as a matter of fact, very little more than an accidental relation to the Henry the Fifth or the Richard the Third of the documents. If, however, you will turn to modern writers, to whom, after all, many things which Shakespeare assumed are not permitted, you will find that, as a rule, the criticism of the kind of piece which I have in mind proceeds upon lines which have remarkably little to do with its merit from the abstract point of view of literature. Take the Drury Lane "Dante." All that the critics really troubled themselves much about was the question how far the incidents of the play were such as could possibly find a place in even the most conjectural biography of the poet. I think they were quite right. The importance of Dante, as a human being, is a hundred times greater than that of the doubtful histrionics of Sir Henry Irving or the obvious dramatic incompetence of M. Sardou. The same point arises with regard to a play called "The Exile," written by Messrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Strong and produced by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Royalty. The piece is by no means without literary merit. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, at least, has collaborated with no less a master than Robert Louis Stevenson, and has subsequently shown, by an independent volume of South Sea stories, the name of which I am unfortunately unable to recall, that he is not unmindful of the lessons which he then learnt. With the aid of Mr. Strong he has produced a slight pretty play, full of sentiment and not without pathos. It deals with the fortunes of a king in exile, a picturesque, generously-minded person, who bears his sorrows with dignity, and amuses himself with the ceremonial of a toy court, with the inspection of a toy army, and with the writing of his memoirs. The charming loyalty of the ladies of his *entourage*, the chivalry of one of his goalers and the brutality of others, and the fortunes of a toy conspiracy for his release, which is ultimately put a stop to under the advice of the court doctor, provide a sufficient plot. All this is admirably adapted to Mr. Martin Harvey's romantic and sympathetic, rather than robust, personality and methods. Unfortunately, the authors have chosen, for some quite inscrutable reason, to place their scene upon St. Helena, and to give their exiled monarch the environment and name of none other than Napoleon Bonaparte. The effect is ruinous. At once the critic asks

himself no longer, "Is this an entertaining and mildly touching little drama?" but "Can I for one moment imagine that this mime looks like Napoleon, or that things passed thus upon St. Helena when Napoleon was eating his heart out there?" Of course he cannot. The character of Napoleon is as ineffaceably engraved upon the historic consciousness as are his personal lineaments upon the canvas of Meissonier. Messrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Strong can no more persuade us to accept their interpretation of the one than Mr. Martin Harvey his mimicry of the other. Their delicate and washy prettiness is scorched into nothing at the first contact with the flaming legend of the Titan. Their art does not even get a chance of being judged in itself and for itself.

I do not suppose that it will be expected that I should say very much about "The Gordian Knot" at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chief remark which it suggests to my mind is the paronomasia that Mr. Tree does not seem to be Mr. Alexander. The author, although old enough to be entrusted with a share in the superintendence of some of our most important national affairs at Westminster, is apparently young enough to be still a believer in the tradition of the courtesan and of her power to wreck the lives of strong men. The play opens with one of those elaborate *salon* scenes, with their parade of irrelevant social types and their impossibly significant conversations, which are beginning to be *de rigueur* at Her Majesty's. It ends somewhat abruptly, with a bit of melodrama, wilder than the wildest inventions of Mr. Walter Melville, in which the courtesan is strangled by the crippled friend of the hero with a rope made out of the strands of her own hair. The performance on the first night met with an ambiguous reception, and Mr. Tree could only undertake to convey to the author the congratulations of "the vast majority of the audience." The form of first night criticism which is now coming once more into vogue, although crudely expressed, can only be of interest to a brother critic. I sometimes wish that I could put things as briefly. But it seems to be applied at present, without much discrimination, to pieces of very different artistic merit. Perhaps this does not altogether differentiate it from some other forms of criticism.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

The Salons.

AMAZING! This is the only epithet that describes the seven thousand five hundred and odd works of art in the French Salons. Not that the present exhibitions are different from, or better than, those of past years: it is the amazing fertility of invention and technical accomplishment that strikes one afresh each year. In this article I am concerned only with the pictures. At the Old Salon there are seventeen hundred and eighty-six oil paintings; at the New Salon, where the work is supposed to be more experimental and individual, less bound by academic traditions, there are thirteen hundred and fifty-six oil paintings. The impeccable M. Bouguereau may be regarded as the tutelary genius of the parent body, the brilliant M. Besnard as the protagonist of the Secessionists; but although the New Salon remains the fresher and the livelier of the two, the line of demarcation is no longer deeply marked. The Secessionists are growing older.

I find the Salons extremely entertaining. One starts with the intention of discovering the few fine works that such a collection must contain; but the riot of effort, the clamour of the various schools and nationalities, the cleverness of hand and eye, the daring and bewildering choice of subjects confuse the judgment, and dispose one to treat the collection as a Fair rather than as an assemblage

of works of art. How can one appreciate Lhermitte's sober landscapes, or Le Sidaner's misty moonlights, when the eye is charged with the blaze of colour by pointillists who out-Sisley Sisley, or rainbow-river painters who out-Thaulow Thaulow. Yet if these ingenious French painters only knew it, among these acres of strident colour it is often the small dark picture that tells with the perspicuity of a black sheep among a white flock. The strongest impression left on my mind after my first morning at the Old Salon was a little black "Portrait of Madame B.," and a pre-Raphaelite picture (the pendulum is swinging now in that direction) by M. Maxence. The painter who screams loudest; he who chooses such a subject as Amazons wrestling, or a female searcher at a police-station extracting stolen watches from the petticoats of a blowsy demi-mondaine, or a ball at the "Quat'z'arts," or one of the many hideous nudes, does so wittingly. He is making a bid for notoriety, and he knows his business. His clever fingers follow his volatile brain, and if his picture does not sell, he paints another over it for the next exhibition. I do not think this heterogeneous mixture of melodrama and sensation, masquerading under the cloak of art, bamboozles the intelligent Frenchman. Even the bath-chairmen who wheel elderly ladies through the rooms, criticising the pictures on the way, give a shrug of the shoulders, expressive and inimitable, before the notoriety-hunting canvases. The smile of amused protest, such as a parent might throw at a wilful child, with which one of these bath-chairmen greeted a wild presentment of the Martinique disaster, was worth going to Paris to see. The painters themselves certainly know. I exploited the rooms one afternoon in the company of three distinguished artists who, for reasons of their own, were winnowing the seed from the chaff. They went through the galleries like flying foxes, ignoring seven-eighths of the pictures, looking and disregarding in the same instant, pouncing on the few fine pictures, some of which, I, the day before, with infinite labour, had disentangled from the rest. They took one hour and twenty minutes to examine nearly two thousand pictures, and the result justified the method. Very weary they seemed as we sat together afterwards on a seat in the Champs Elysées, but I do not think they had overlooked one good picture.

French art of to-day, as exemplified in the Salons, does not show any signs of progression. There is technical skill in abundance, but one has only to visit the Luxembourg Gallery, or the Panthéon, to recognise that this is not the Golden Year of French art. The State and provincial towns are still showering their commissions for the decoration of town halls and public buildings, and M. Paul Laurens is ready with his enormous triptych of scenes from the life of Joan of Arc, and M. Georges-Bertrand with his photographic Funeral of President Carnot. There are others, too; but on the walls of the Panthéon rests the work of that great master, Puvis de Chavannes, showing France, once and for all, how wall decoration should be treated; or, to go further back, there is David's wonderful "Sacre de Napoleon 1st," in the Louvre. Few painters can handle a crowd of figures, and so focus the chief incident that the central motive leaps to the eye at first glance. M. Laurens should study Puvis de Chavannes's solitary figure of Sainte Geneviève watching over Paris, at the Panthéon, and M. Georges-Bertrand might take a walk through one of the bright corridors that connect the sections of the New Salon and pause before M. Casas's "Barcelone, 1902." The foreground of this clever picture is empty, but on the outskirts you see a huddled crowd, half-moon shaped, fleeing before the mounted soldiers. One incident, typical of all the horrid scene, is happening in the open space. A soldier spurs forward, just reining in his horse to avoid trampling over a man who has fallen. That single incident in the empty space takes the eye at once. This is much more effective than if he had shown

twenty horsemen riding over twenty fallen agitators. It would be useless to ask M. Henri Martin to spend an hour with Pavis de Chavannes at the Luxembourg. He has introduced that kind of Impressionism called Pissarroism into decorative painting. His gigantic decorative panel nearly fills one wall of Room XX. at the Old Salon, and the paint is laid on so lavishly that the perfume of it is quite perceptible on entering the room. Unconsciously I half closed my eyes, so vivid is the sunshine radiating from this landscape where men are cutting grass, girls dancing, sheep wandering beneath the trees that stand up straight against the sun-flooded hills. It is a new experiment, interesting, but no more. Nearer to my taste is M. Verhaert's curious and careful panel for the town-hall of Antwerp. This delightful picture of the magistrates receiving the captains, just back from the Canary Isles, is another example of that last expression of French modernity—the return to pre-Raphaelitism, with an added note of gaiety shown in the flying banners, and the bright ingenuity of the costumes.

It would need a dozen articles to do any sort of justice to the Salons; but would it be worth while? What is there to be said about Harpignies, Aman-Jean, Besnard, and La Touche that has not been said before; or Carolus-Duran, or Veber, who devotes himself year after year to painting eccentricities and monstrosities. They are amusing, the kind of subjects that a clever painter might produce once in a lustrum, and be a little ashamed of showing them to friends whose opinion he respected. M. Besnard continues to please the moderns. I read in a French paper that he has sobered his marvellous gifts as a colourist, and that M. La Touche has at last begun to give up yellow. That may be; but nothing that M. La Touche here shows is equal to his exquisite little picture in the Luxembourg, and the same may be said of M. Thaulow. One of the painters of established reputation who continues to give pleasure is M. Henner. His secret is his own. The other nudes in the Salons are clever, brutal, ingenious—what you will, but M. Henner's are always touched with something of the beauty and mystery of twilight. He is not realistic like Degas, who achieves beauty of another kind, but it is always a relief to enter a room where there is a Henner nude or a Harpignies landscape.

Dexterity, not beauty, is the note of the modern French picture. Nothing is too bizarre for the Salon painter to attempt, and his vitality and technical skill are so great that he makes a success of a scheme which an English painter would not dream of attempting. The English pictures look quite sedate among all these examples of exuberant youth. The Salons are the painting Fair of the world; and the two nations that have most bestirred themselves to provide wares are America and Spain. There is astonishing cleverness in Signor Zulcaga's three piquant pictures of Spanish joy in life, and—well, the last picture I looked at was another picture of joy in life by a Frenchman. How does he treat the subject? He paints a poulterer's shop stocked with succulent trussed fowls. It is a sunny day, and the jolly old poulterer, plump as his stock, stands in the shop door with his wife, laughing, to which the opulent lady responds. This picture of food and mirth is called "La joie de Vivre." C. L. H.

Science.

Science and Philosophy.

VERY clear it is that, if I am accused of being "inconsistent," "illogical," and "arbitrary," it behoves me either to vindicate myself, and that right well and early, or, while stones remain unbroken and roads unmade, to don goggles, seize hammer, and hie me to the highway forthwith, there

more adequately to fill another "sphere of usefulness" than this. For the stone-breaker serves his day and generation, whilst the illogical *soi-disant* scientist does not; unless we entirely accept the dictum of Bacon, that truth is more easily extricated from error than from confusion. As Wundt, one of the greatest of modern psychologists, has put it, we would do better, if we cannot turn psychological research to practical account, to devote ourselves to the improvement of sewing machines.

I wrote the paper in question—"The Impassable Barrier"—in order to delimit the aims and possibilities of science. In no sense does that paper embody "my conclusions." They are the conclusions of more than two thousand years of thought, and had taken final form long before I was born. I set them forth, not as having the smallest title to originality, but as part of my scientific faith or belief—or, as my critic would rather that I said—knowledge.

If A. J. E. will turn again to Locke's "Essay concerning the Human Understanding," he will therein find it demonstrated, as certainly as any other truth of positive science is demonstrated, that we have no "innate ideas." Further, if he has any recollections of his childhood, he may remember how his own ideas of God or infinity have been evolved from childish conceptions formed upon experience. Locke's great discovery constitutes him the father of modern psychology, a branch of positive science unconnected with metaphysics or with any philosophical system. That anyone can even appear seriously to call this in question to-day is surprising and disappointing.

A. J. E. quotes Emerson's exposition of Kant. For his nebular hypothesis—formed in his younger days—the great German metaphysician demands our homage, but the belief that there was a class of ideas or imperative forms, intuitions of the mind itself, which did not come by experience, but through which experience was acquired, had been directly and indirectly exploded times without number before Kant formulated it, and possesses to-day only the pathetic interest which belongs to the "arbitrary" and unfounded dogmas upon which have been built all the systems of philosophy and metaphysics. It would be an endless and futile task to go into the philosophy of Kant. At the present hour it has, as a whole, as little value, other than historical, for human thought or happiness, as the philosophy of Berkeley or Hegel; but I must quote one little passage from the "Critique of Pure Reason," which A. J. E. might try to reconcile with the doctrine of the existence of innate ideas: "If we could probe all the phenomena of volition to the bottom there would not be a single human action which we could not predict and recognise as necessary from its antecedent conditions." So that Transcendental ideas would not appear to count for much, even to Kant's own mind. There is a saying that good German philosophies, when they die, go to Oxford; and now that the wonderful German mind has left word-jugglery and metaphysics for positive science, in which it leads the world, it is surely high time that the sterile and empty subtleties which have made no one better or wiser or happier, have averted no moment of agony, have illumined to none the valley of the shadow of death, have slain no tyrant, have abolished no abuse, have added no iota to the world's air or light or beauty or life or love, should be left aside until the *Welt-schmerz* is no more.

Not only does my critic quote Kant, however, but he actually goes on to quote G. H. Lewes, the philosopher who tried all systems, discovered their futility, and wrote a book to demonstrate it; a book in which he disposes of Kant (Part ii., Chap. 3, "Kant's Psychology"), hails Locke—in the phrase I have already borrowed from him—as the father of modern psychology, and having accomplished the task which he announces in his preface—the task, namely, of proving that philosophy is impracticable—concludes with what A. J. E. calls "these pregnant words"—an encomium which I most heartily endorse: "If anyone remains unshaken by the accumulated proofs this

history affords of the impossibility of philosophy, let him distinctly bear in mind that the first problem he must solve is: have we ideas independent of experience? Let him solve that ere he begins to speculate." Whereafter my critic asks whether I claim to have solved that problem in the negative! I do not; but I grant, with G. H. Lewes himself, and every other student of psychology, that (to name only one instance) in 1689, John Locke did. If A. J. E. reads Lewes' excellent book, he will find that all the ideas in my paper are therein to be found. Indeed, that book was my first source of enlightenment on the matter.

Positive science, which Lewes supported and admired, is only a science of phenomena—of appearances, that is to say. Philosophy, or a science of "noumena," to use Lewes' phrase, is impossible, for the very simple and obvious reason that we can never transcend the sphere of our own consciousness; and, since we are born without ideas, and since our consciousness informs us only of appearances or properties or phenomena, then further than positive science—further than "phenomenal" knowledge—the human intellect can never go. My objector accuses me of arbitrarily disposing of Haeckel on personal "faith" in Locke's postulate. That all knowledge is a matter of faith or belief—whether in causation or objective reality or what not—is a self-evident proposition which I will not wait to discuss. In the "Essay," A. J. E. will find that Locke gave reasons for the faith that was in him; those reasons are my reasons for faith in Locke's faith. As to Haeckel, he, of course, follows Locke, as do all students of science, in denying the existence of innate ideas. Not having learnt Lewes' lesson, however—that this denial is also a denial of the possibility of philosophy—Haeckel goes on to construct a philosophical system, which he calls "Monism"; scoffs at every other philosophy (naturally enough), though upholding his own; whilst, as I showed the other day, he is utterly unable to disprove the assertion of idealism that the universe and "substance," which is his God, is but the "content of consciousness," and has no objective reality. That assertion cannot be disproved, however absurd it may appear to the "philosophy of common-sense." Berkeley, therefore, from his stand-point, proved the impossibility of philosophy as Locke did from his; as all philosophers, indeed, have done, not to mention students of positive science. The history of metaphysics and philosophy is a history of consistent failure. It has added nothing whatever to human happiness; and to human knowledge, only a very few facts in psychology. I am not wholly prepared, however, to deny that the human mind has been aided in its development by the centuries of otherwise wasted thought; though Weissmanism, denying the transmissibility of acquired characteristics, certainly denies that the son's mind can benefit by years of metaphysical or other thought on the part of the father.

Only positive science remains, and its empire is daily increasing. I could not admire it more than I do for its indisputable and crescent value to the race of men—the weary Titans who are born in others' pain and perish in their own. As a critic and criterion of supposed philosophies, positive science is invaluable; as a basis for philosophy, science is worthless. How can phenomenal knowledge ever transcend phenomena? And how can a philosophy be based upon a mere seeming?

A man must have a philosophy of some sort, of course, and its character will depend upon his amount of positive knowledge (which his philosophy must at any rate not too patently contradict) and upon all that we adumbrate in the word "temperament." For Haeckel his philosophy; for Sir Oliver Lodge his; for you yours; for me mine. But since positive science has proved—notably by the mouth of John Locke—that there is only phenomenal knowledge; since the multiplication by infinity of our infinitesimal knowledge of phenomena would bring us no whit nearer the underlying "substance," the

thing-in-itself, the existence of which we all assume; since man can never *know* more than changes in his own consciousness; since, in a word, there is an impassable barrier, we may laud science, or organised knowledge, and sing pæans to her, and believe in our hearts as we see with our eyes, that she is truth and will prevail against unethical physical forces, as also against much that we call evil; but as to the power of science to solve ultimate questions, we would do well to preserve a decent humility withal.

C. W. SALEERY.

Correspondence.

Metre.

SIR,—I have read with great interest and pleasure M. Paul Verrier's letter in your last issue, and can bear witness that his theory of metre is clearly indicated in the periodical publications there mentioned, copies of which he has been good enough to send me.

It is most noteworthy that this French student of our verse should have so well appreciated a truth too often hidden from the wise and prudent among our critics, though revealed (as I maintain) to babes and sucklings who delight in the cadence of metre.

For this truth—preached by M. Verrier and myself, and powerfully supported in your recent review of my book—does not by any means present itself to me in the light of a new discovery. Rather I hold that it is the common property of all who read English verse by ear, familiar in practice to every reciter, and ignored only by critics who shut their eyes to the major part of the phenomena under review. In conversation with friends I with difficulty persuade them that this truth is not wholly a truism; they are incredulous when told that our common prosody takes no account of temporal units, and contents itself with registering greater or less degrees of stress-value in syllables.

My own "Study" aimed, not at claiming this truth as my special preserve, but at enforcing and explaining and illustrating it, so furnishing the English reader with a reasoned account of facts obvious to his own consciousness, on which he might build a surer system of prosody than that offered by our grammars. This undoubtedly forms, in M. Verrier's words, "the most difficult part of the work" incumbent on metrists, and there is ample room for any number of co-workers.

I will confess that when I first formulated my own view—more years ago than I care to count—I was unaware that any of the ground had been travelled by previous explorers. Later reading has shown that many have proceeded less or greater distances in this direction, and the wonder is only that ere now a broad and beaten path has not been made, along which pilgrims may journey in comfort. I hope that by united effort, at this time of apparently revived interest in metrical questions, we may not merely establish a right of way—that has been already done—but engineer and macadamize a safe driving road. To drop metaphor, I trust that further analysis—in the prosecution of which we shall expect and welcome M. Verrier's assistance—will make manifest the actual structure of our verse, and induce English prosodists to abandon their surely unwarranted neglect of that time-basis which seems to me the most important and fundamental element of our metre.

May I be permitted to end by congratulating M. Verrier on the admirable English of his letter.—Yours, &c.,

T. S. OMOND.

"A Fabrication of Mr. Gissing's."

SIR,—I am one of those who, meeting in the "Fortnightly Review" with articles entitled "An Author at Grass: Extracts from the Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. Edited by George Gissing," straightway fell in love with the writer. Mr. Gissing, in a few admirably-toned pages of preface, told us that Ryecroft was a hardly-known struggling writer who had been his friend; who, after a hard life, had been enabled to end his days in the peace of a country cottage; then, dying, had left diaries containing his ripest, saddest, most private thoughts, to be dealt with as seemed best.

The topics were of the gravest, the writing had the beauty and pathos of a late autumn day, one's most intimate hopes and fears were echoed by one who knew them all. Then, after Henry Ryecroft, the man, had entered most completely into our thoughts, we learn that he never existed at all; that the whole—man, preface, books, diaries—is a fabrication of Mr. Gissing's; that we have been the victims of a literary trick. Such truth-semblance is permissible to a Poe or Defoe upon their less solemn subjects, but it seems to me that Mr. George Gissing, whom we trusted, should have refrained from mocking us upon matters of life, death, and sorrow.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BLAND.

[We cannot share our correspondent's indignation. It is the privilege of the writer to choose whatever form he likes to express his thoughts on life, death, and sorrow. They are his own thoughts, whether he writes them under his own name or puts his personal criticism of life into the mouth of a fictitious character. And certainly in Mr. Gissing's book personal experience and revelation counted for much.]

Cahier.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to point out, with reference to a paragraph in your issue of the 23rd, that I did not assert a *quair* to be a "cashier," but a *cahier*, which is a very different thing.—Yours, &c.,

London.

MAURICE HEWLETT.

The Society of Psychical Research.

SIR,—I am surprised to see that your current issue does not contain a letter from an official member of the Society for Psychical Research in reference to your review of Mr. Bennett's book on the work of the Society. Your reviewer makes the strange mistake of holding the Society responsible for the conclusions of one of its members. If he had read the very first page of its constitution he would have seen the following caution: "NOTE.—To prevent misconception, it is here expressly stated that membership of this Society does not imply the acceptance of any particular explanation of the phenomena investigated, nor any belief as to the operation, in the physical world, of forces other than those recognised by Physical Science." As a Fellow of the Geological Society, I should be delighted if I could believe that the Geological Society had accepted all the conclusions which they have published under my name; but I need scarcely point out to scientific men that no learned society accepts responsibility for the work of its members. Furthermore, Mr. Bennett's conclusions did not even appear in the Proceedings of the S.P.R. They were embodied in a book published by himself some time after he had retired from the post of Assistant Secretary. The Society is engaged in a scientific research on scientific principles, and has already done good work. What it will ultimately achieve it would be rash to predict; but to suggest that we are not competent to conduct the investigation is to wield a weapon rare in scientific controversy, and reminiscent of the boomerang.—Yours, &c.,

Cheltenham.

CHARLES CALLAWAY.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 192 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best School Recollection. Thirty-two replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss B. C. Hardy, 41, Barkston Gardens, S.W., for the following:—

Incident: well, more than that. Say epoch, rather. I have wondered often on what lines my life would have run had I never come into contact with that other soul.

I was only one year of my life at school—in Dresden—and just fifteen when sent there. Frankly, I did not very much enjoy it. Brought up in the most retired content any girl ever knew, never speaking to others of my age except my sister, the ways of girls astonished and did not please me. I became morose, unsociable, bearish. Accustomed to courtesy and almost equality from my elders, I could not brook being relegated to a herd of thirty others as childish and ignorant, bitterly knowing myself the while the most ignorant of all. Those days were dark.

Upon them flashed the light of my first literature class. Many who have known Dresden during the last decade or so of the nineteenth century will remember John Sherwood—he died a few years since—and I like to think mine but one of a multitude of souls in which he awoke and kindled the divine fire. I have heard many sermons, great and moving; none moved me like the words of my dear old literature master. Far from the dear familiarities of home, he gave me the golden key, opened to me the gates of a fair and boundless realm where I might wander at my will, "never alone while accompanied with noble thoughts." It is mine till I die. That was a turning point: dimly I saw it then, passionately now: and through it all his unconsciousness! Some gifts are so rich they cannot be repaid, even with thanks: and he hated thanks. Ugly old schoolroom, gilt mirror, barren screen, high German windows! to me you frame a day when more than life was born.

Other replies follow:—

He always sat astride of his little chair, with his chest leaning on his crossed arms on the back of it and his mild face turned to us. His mortar-board he would lay on the desk of the boy in front of him, where it became the recipient for paper balls, blots of ink, and broken nibs.

The sergeant brought him a letter, and he held it till he had finished his sentence, without opening it. Then he cut the envelope, and read. We waited, silently at first, for him to resume the lesson. But when he had finished reading the letter, he sat silently gazing out of the window. Whispering and shuffling failed to rouse him. Sundry eatables were produced; paper missiles traversed the classroom: cautious sniggering broke out, still with no effect. Boys began to vie with each other in daring acts. Finally, the upsetting of a row of books awoke him, and he rose amidst apprehensive silence. But he punished no one. He walked out of the room, and did not return. In the afternoon, another master taught us; and we speculated whether he had left.

He came back in the morning, wearing a black coat and tie. "Might have known he'd have a wife somewhere," said one. "P'raps it was his pater," ventured another. "Rot; a chap that age would have a pater."

In school his manner was exactly the same. When we hinted at a holiday—we had had one when the Head's son died—he merely refused, in a surprised kind of way, so we concluded it was no relation.

[A. O., Scarborough.]

Six of us sat on the stone steps of the terrace—overlooking the tennis courts. It was the end of the hottest day of my first Summer Term, and we were watching the "finals" of a tennis tournament. At the close of the game, the winner came up and joined us. She was a delightful girl, with a fair laughing face, and the very frankest eyes I ever saw. And I remember how, at that moment, the thought burst in upon me—what a delightful life this school life was, with all its contests and its promise—its friendliness and safety. And I said as much to the girl who had won the tournament.

"You will feel that more and more," she told me; "I am leaving school this term. It will be jolly to get back to dear old Dad—and have a good fling—and all that. But, oh! I shall be sorry to leave."

As she finished speaking, one of the mistresses called her away.

And, half an hour later, we heard that her father was dead.

That night we all sat round the big school-room in silence, and let the darkness grow. No one cared to ask for a light. Only those who were sisters sought each other, as if the nearness made a link with home.

And from that night there was a shadow over all my school days—a shadow that neither happiness nor success could ever wholly lift—the shadow of the distance that lay between me and home.

[E. A., London.]

Competition No. 193 (New Series).

Writing the other day of Emerson, Mr. William Archer said: "One cannot read many pages of Emerson without coming upon one of those supreme felicities of utterance that seem to go tingling through our very blood." As an instance of Emerson's felicity Mr. Archer quoted the sentence: "We think our civilisation near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star." This week we offer a prize of One Guinea for the three most pregnant and felicitous sentences selected from any authors. Each sentence must not exceed 100 words, and the source of each must be given.

RULES.

Answers addressed, "Literary Competition. THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 3 June, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Critical Questions: Being a Course of Sermons.....(Brown) 5/0
Weymouth (The late Richard Francis), The New Testament in Modern Speech (Clarke) net 2/6
Paterson (W. P.), The Apostles' Teaching. Part I. The Pauline Theology (Black) net 0/6
Jackson (F. J. Foskes), Christian Difficulties in the Second and Twentieth Centuries.....(Arnold) net 3/6
Brooks (Rt. Rev. Phillips), The Life with God.....(Allenson) net 1/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Yeats (W. B.), Where there is Nothing: Being Volume One of Plays for an Irish Theatre.....(Bullen) net 3/6
Child-Pemberton (Harriet L.), Carmela: A Poetic Drama.....(Mathews) net 3/6
Fleming (W. K.), By a Northern Sea.....(Brimley Johnson) net 2/6
Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature. Vol. XXIV. Part II. (Asher) 3/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Kelman, Junr. (John), The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson... (Olliphant) net 6/0
Graves (Charles L.), The Life and Letters of Sir George Grove, C.B. (Macmillan) net 12/6
Davies (T. Watton), Heinrich Ewald.....(Unwin) net 3/6
Holla (Frederick William), edited by, Correspondence between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Herman Olshausen.....(Houghton) net \$1-00
Pigott (C. A.), Stendhal's untold Death, or Martyrdom for China (Religious Tract Society) 2/6
Pollock (John), The Popish Plot.....(Duckworth) net 10/0
Baxter (Dudley), England's Cardinals.....(Burns and Oates) 2/6
Payne (Rev. George A.), "Edna Lyall": An Appreciation.....(Heywood) net 1/6
Clarke (W. Newton), Huxley and Phillips Brooks.....(Allenson) net 1/0
Heron (Alexander), The Rise and Progress of the Company of Merchants of the City of Edinburgh, 1681-1902.....(T. and T. Clark) net 10/6

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Atkinson (William Walker), The Law of the New Thought (Psychic Research Company)
Memory Culture.....(" " ")
Wileox (Ella Wheeler), The Heart of the New Thought.....(" " ")
Hird (Dennis), An Easy Outline of Evolution.....(Watts) net 2/6
United States Geological Survey: Report, 1902-1901. 4 vols. (Government Printing Office, Washington)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Cockerell (Samuel Pepys), edited by, Travels in Southern Europe and the Levant, 1810-1817. The Journal of C. R. Cockerell, R.A. (Longmans) net 10/6
Wood (Charles W.), Norwegian By-Ways.....(Macmillan) 6/0

EDUCATIONAL.

- Gonkl (F. J.), The Children's Book of Moral Lessons.....(Watts) 2/0
Simonsen (Gustave), A Greek Grammar Accidence.....(Sonnenschein) 6/6
Lewis (Edwin Herbert), A Text-Book of Applied English Grammar.....(Macmillan) 3/6
Hayes (B. J.), edited by, Xenophon: Memorabilia. Book I.....(Olive) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- May (Lieut.-Col. Edward S.), Principles and Problems of Imperial Defence (Sonnenschein) net 7/6
Old Age Pensions.....(Macmillan) net 2/6
Phillips' Clear Print Half-Inch Cycling Map of England and Wales. Sheet 24. London.....(Phillip) 1/0
Raven-Hill (L.), An Indian Sketch Book.....("Punch" Office) net 6/0
Rowntree (Joseph) and Sherwell (Arthur), Public Control of the Liquor Traffic (Richards) net 2/6
Davis (Arthur H.), On Our Selection!.....(Bulletin Newspaper Company) 1/0
Phillips' Clear Print Popular Map of London.....(Phillip) 1/0
Rawles (William A.), Centralising Tendencies in the Administration of Indiana (King) net 10/0
Atkinson (Robert T.), The Via Indo Telegraphic Social Code (Hutchinson) net 5/0
Penny (A. G.), "Neath Palm and Pine.....(Religious Tract Society) 0/6
"Vigilans sed Equus," German Ambitions as they Affect Britain and the United States of America.....(Smith, Elder) net 2/6
Peel (Mrs. C. S.), The New Home.....(Constable) 3/6
Frere (Walter Howard), The Relation of Church and Parliament in regard to Ecclesiastical Discipline.....(Mowbray)

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The first volume "Miscellaneous Prose" in Messrs. Methuen's new edition of "The Writings and Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb," under the editorship of Mr. E. V. Lucas, is ready for publication. The first five volumes containing the Lambs' writings will be followed by Volumes VI. and VII., the Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb. Owing to the anomalies of the law of copyright, no edition of the Lambs' correspondence can be complete until many years have passed by, but Mr. Lucas's edition will be unique in several points, and it will print in full, for the first time, between 50 and 100 new letters. Messrs. Methuen also have in preparation "The Life of Charles and Mary Lamb." In this biography Mr. Lucas has attempted to reconstruct the Lamb circle.

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